

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1888.

On a Silver Wedding.

MARCH 10, 1888.



HE rapid tide of gliding years
Flows gently by this Royal
home,
Unvexed by clouds of grief
and tears
Its tranquil seasons come.

To one, as happy and more great,
Came earlier far, the dread alarm,
The swift immedicable harm,
The icy voice of Fate.

The gracious father of his race
Heard it, too soon, and dared the night;
Death coming found him with the light
Of Sunshine on his face.



He left his widowed Queen to move
Alone in solitary sway,
Alone, through her long after-day,
But for her people's love.

Their saintly daughter, sweet and mild,
Drew poison from her darling's breath;
Their young son trod the paths of death
Far, far from love and child.

Nay, now by the Ausonian sea,
Daughter of England, good and wise!
Thou watchest, with sad anxious eyes,
Thy flower of chivalry!

But this fair English home no shade
Of deeper sorrow comes to blot,
No grief for dear ones who are not,
Nor voids which years have made.

One sickness only, when its head
Lay long weeks, wrestling sore with death,
And pitying England held her breath
Despairing, round his bed.

No regal house of crownéd state,
Nor lonely as the homes of kings
Where the slow hours on leaden wings
Oppress the friendless great.



But lit with dance and song and mirth,
And graceful Art, and thought to raise,
Crushed down by long laborious days,
The toiler from the earth.

Its Lord an English noble, strong
For public cares, for homely joys,
A Prince among the courtly throng,
A brother with his boys.

Who his Sire's footsteps loves to tread,
In prudent schemes for popular good ;
And strives to raise the multitude,
Remembering the dead.

And having seen how far and wide
Flies England's flag, by land and sea,
Would bind in willing unity
Her strong sons side by side.

Its gentle mistress, fair and sweet,
A girlish mother, clothed with grace,
With only summer on her face,
Howe'er the swift years fleet.

Who was the Vision of our youth
Who is the Exemplar of our prime,
Sweet Lady, breathing Love and Truth,
With charms which vanquish Time.

Good sons in flowering manhood free,
Girls fair in budding womanhood,
An English household bright and good,
A thousand such there be!

Great Heaven, how brief our Summers show!
And fleeting as the flying Spring!
The almonds blush, the throstles sing,
The vernal wind-flowers blow.

And yet 'tis five-and-twenty years,
Since those March violets dewy, sweet,
Were strewn before the maiden's feet,
Amidst a people's cheers.

And mile on mile the acclaiming crowd
Surged round her, and the soft Spring air
With joy bells reeled, and everywhere
Roared welcome deep and loud

While this, our trivial life to-day,
Loomed a dim perilous landscape strange,
Hid by thick mists of Time and Change,
Unnumbered leagues away.

Long years! long years! and yet how nigh
The dead Past shows, and still how far
The Future's hidden glimpses are
From mortal brain and eye.

What secrets here shall Time unfold?
What fates befall this gracious home?
Shall to-day's festal once more come,
Ripened with time to gold?

Heaven send it! Close-knit hearts are here,
Not that old hate of sire and heir,
Here flourish homely virtues fair,
And love that conquers fear.

For these may Fortune grant again
Their Sovereign's large and blameless life,
Unmarred by care, undimmed by strife,
Less touched than Hers by pain!

High set above the noise and dust
Of Faction, and contented still
To guide aright the popular will,
By sympathy and trust!

Through civic wisdom temperate,
And forethought for the general need,
Keeping midst change of politic creed,
A Throne, a People great!

LEWIS MORRIS.

Is it Peace?

THE recent publication of the defensive treaty of alliance between Germany and Austria has in no way changed the situation, or, to be perhaps more accurate, the official situation in Europe. The treaty concerns Germany, Austria, and Russia; the Governments of the two first, who concluded it, had long before communicated it to the third, against whom it was concluded. It could not therefore have been published, as many ably directed daily papers immediately supposed, as a warning to the Czar, nor to "official Russia." Indeed, if we are ready to share in both Prince Bismarck's and Lord Salisbury's expressed complete reliance in the pacific declarations of the Czar, we must admit that it was rather meant to help him to preserve the peace he so much desires, by informing the Russian war-party of the dangers into which their ardour was leading their country, than as a menace, which his haughty spirit could hardly brook. It was further, no doubt, intended to allay the suspicions of, and impart that confidence which is strength to, the irrepressible Magyars, whose accusations, outcries, and threats are often seriously embarrassing. Thus the publication was in itself important enough by the very peacefulness of its intent, and the revelation that the state of affairs was sufficiently critical to warrant so unusual a method of letting the public at large into state-secrets. It gains enormously in importance, viewed in the light of the speech delivered by Prince Bismarck immediately afterwards. Indeed, it would seem that the principal object of the publication, beyond and above the two already enumerated, was to make it serve as a background for one of the weightiest speeches Prince Bismarck has ever delivered. Weighty as it was, however, it has apparently done nothing to clear up the situation. The European press, as a whole, declares it to be peaceful; the Russian press has generally received it well; but the reports that Russia is massing her troops on her

Western frontiers have not stopped, and Germany and Austria are increasing their strength, apparently in view of a strife which Prince Bismarck declares in his opinion is not imminent.

Since, however, he could not give publicly any other opinion unless he were anxious to precipitate war, it will perhaps be interesting to study what is the present political situation in Europe, and to endeavour thereby to arrive at some conclusion as to whether that opinion was an honest expression of the probabilities of the immediate future. In effecting this study it will be better to leave the peaceful tendencies of the rulers of nations on one side. If we had to deal only with them, peace would clearly be assured for some time to come. The German Emperor notoriously abhors a prospect of war; and even if events turned out so unhappily as to set Prince William ere long on the throne, that Prince himself has just given a categorical denial to those who assert his tendencies to be warlike: the Emperor of Austria is eminently peaceful, and our own Ruler still more so. King Humbert's declarations are all in favour of peace. As to the Czar, we have Prince Bismarck's own word for it that he is earnest in his asseverations for peace, and that Prince Bismarck himself fully believes in the Czar's word. In this belief he is absolutely supported by Lord Salisbury in his speech in the House of Lords on February 10th. We could not have better authority either for the Czar's assurances or for his sincerity in making them. But two instances will serve to show how little Czars, in spite of their honesty, are able to turn the current of events in the direction they desire. Lord Salisbury refers to the one negotiation his Government has had with the Russian Government, and emphatically describes the conduct of the latter in that negotiation to have "been not only conciliatory but eminently straightforward." The Penjdeh incident, however, is not yet forgotten, nor are the specific and solemn assurances which preceded it, nor the rewards to General Komaroff which followed it. The second instance to which I refer occurred in 1877. "There is," says the able Vienna correspondent of the *Standard* in a telegram dated February 10th, "in existence a despatch, dated April 16th, 1877, from General Dangenau, Austrian Ambassador in St. Petersburg, to Count Andrassy, Foreign Minister at the time, in which are these words: 'I had last night a long conversation with the Russian Emperor. His Majesty directed me to report to Vienna, and to bring it to the notice of His Majesty the Austrian Emperor, that he harbours

no ideas of war, and is further than ever from wishing for, or waging war on Turkey.' " Exactly one week after this peaceful despatch was received in Vienna the Russian troops crossed the Pruth on their march to Constantinople.

If the Czar was honest then, there were certainly influences at work stronger than his will, and we have every reason for supposing that the same influences are still at work with an honest Czar now. The Nihilist or Revolutionary party, in order to effect the revolution for which they so ardently long, would not only not hesitate to precipitate war, but would be not unwilling to see Russia beaten. The declaration of war or the preservation of peace must, however, ultimately depend on the word of the Autocrat of all the Russias. Thus an enormous deal depends upon the waxing or waning of this influence over the Czar; for the war-at-any-price party here alluded to will continue to strain every nerve to get the upper-hand, and if it succeeds, war becomes certain. It forms a factor of which it is impossible to predicate with any certainty. Judging by the attitude of what is understood privately to be its leading organ, the *Novoe Vremya*, in regard to Prince Bismarck's speech, its leaders would seem to have made up their minds that they cannot yet work their will, and this, with all due respect to Prince Bismarck's humorous estimate of the worth of the press, is an important indication in the direction of peace. There is also another war-party in Russia, less thorough-paced than that just described—a purely military party. This would not desire war unless victory were well assured, and honour and glory certain. If it joined hands with the revolutionary party, the two together could almost certainly produce war. But in this case again the representative press speaks for peace, and we may conclude that the military party does not at this moment consider it advisable that war should break out.

What keeps it back now is the idea that there exists a coalition of forces against which it is hopeless for Russia, in her present state of preparedness, to throw herself. It is therefore essential to determine in the first place, whether this coalition is sufficiently strong to be able to keep Russia and any possible ally she may have in check; and secondly, whether it rests on grounds of mutual interest sufficiently strong to hold solidly together under a declaration of war either by Russia or her ally.

In regard to the first point, it requires no acumen to perceive that the probable ally of Russia would be France. Not that, in

spite of the fulminations of M. Déroulède and others of the same way of thinking, and the rather ostentatious *rapprochement* between M. Floquet and Baron Mohrenheim, I at all believe in any probability of a formal alliance being concluded between France and Russia. There is no identity, but opposition, of interests between the two countries, and France, by aiding Russia to gain her ends in the East in order herself to recover possession of Alsace and Lorraine, would be stepping out of a frying-pan of doubtful discomfort into a fire of most decided heat. Prince Bismarck himself alludes to this conflict of French and Russian interests in his speech, when he states his conviction that, if Germany had been beaten in the war of 1870, the Treaty of London relating to the Black Sea would not have been so easily concluded. Moreover a war, whether successful or unsuccessful, would almost certainly lead to the overthrow of the Republic. Thoughtful French politicians may be aware of these facts, but they acknowledge that, should war break out between Russia and Germany, the *parti de la revanche* would become too strong for them, and that no Government could stand that did not immediately declare war upon Germany also. The fact, however, that this, although an extreme probability, is not an absolute certainty, must throw some weight into the scale on the side of peace with the Russian military party. Nevertheless the probability is so great, that I shall assume the certainty. In the way of other allies Russia would probably find none except perhaps Servia, which could be kept well in hand by Bulgaria, Montenegro, and possibly the rebellious parties in Macedonia aided by Greece, which will be better mentioned later on.

We must in the next place examine what is the coalition which would be found arrayed in opposition to Russia and her probable allies. The published treaty and Prince Bismarck's speech tell us that the Triple Alliance under certain circumstances is a solid fact. I shall have to examine later whether it would remain solid in circumstances other than those mentioned in the published treaty, but here it is sufficient to note that undoubtedly Germany, Austria, and Italy, are bound to resist an attack delivered on any one of the three by Russia and France.

It would be historically very interesting to know whether the form under which we now see the Treaty of the 7th of October, 1879, was really that which was originally given to it. There is, at any rate, this great advantage in the publication, that if there has been any change before, it can hardly be changed

again now. There is no limit of time placed to it; it is expressly recognized by the German Chancellor as "an expression of *mutual and permanent* interest, no less on our side than on that of Austria." Italy's subsequent inclusion in the alliance of the two German Powers enormously strengthened the effect of this treaty, and after the triumphant allusions by Signor Crispi in his speech at Turin in October last to his "conspiring for peace" at Friedrichsruh, and the direct statement of Prince Bismarck the other day as to agreements with Italy, we may be sure that the Italian treaties are no less binding than that between Austria and Germany.

So far we are treading on certain ground. But the coalition cannot consist exclusively of these three Powers. Prince Bismarck alluded the other day to "similar ones (treaties) that exist between us and other Governments." What are those other Governments? The *Neue Freie Presse* published on the 11th of February what it affirmed to be an abstract of the several treaties amongst Germany, Austria and Italy, and added that special arrangements had been made by the two latter Powers and Great Britain in view of defending the Austrian and Italian coasts against a hostile landing. This account of the state of affairs was stated by the *Kölnische Zeitung* in a supposed "inspired" article to be correct. But we must remember that Lord Salisbury denies the existence of any written engagement binding England to the Central Powers. Sir James Fergusson, in answer to a recent question in the House of Commons, declared that no agreement unknown to the House had been entered into, pledging this country to any material action, which expression he further defined as meaning "military responsibility." From this, and from a further statement by Sir James Fergusson on February 16th, it is clear that although some kind of declaration has been made to the Central Powers, it is one of a merely platonic kind which does not definitely engage England, although it might engage Lord Salisbury to stake the existence of his government upon obtaining the assent of Parliament, to certain action under given circumstances. Such a declaration may no doubt have been euphemistically termed a "treaty" by Prince Bismarck, but England could not be said on account of it to form part of the coalition with which Russia would certainly have to deal. Still it is worth noting, especially in view of Lord Salisbury's somewhat emphatic assurance in regard to our interests in the South-East of Europe that "we shall not show

ourselves more indifferent to those interests than those who have gone before us"—an assurance probably meant to dispose of any undesirable impressions which may have been produced in Russia by Lord Randolph Churchill's journey—that there is again an element of uncertainty as to England's course of action in case of Russian aggression in the East, which would weigh with the Russian military party on the side of peace. It is pretty certain that another treaty to which Prince Bismarck alluded is one with Spain. We may safely assume that Spain (by the influence of Italy, and with Morocco fears before her eyes) has been induced to join the Central Powers, at least to the extent that she would, in case of war being declared by France upon them, concentrate an army upon her Northern frontier, and would threaten Morocco, thus engaging the attention of two or three French army-corps.

There are probably no other engagements or treaties but these. But there are other Powers who may be expected to join the coalition in case of war in the East. Roumania, on account of her geographical position, could hardly keep clear of declaring herself for one side or the other. No doubt she would prefer preserving a judicious neutrality, a neutrality for which M. Stourdza, in his recent negotiations with Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky, endeavoured to obtain a guarantee whilst laying the foundations for future commercial treaties. But of course no such guarantee would be obtainable. Russia has been doing her best to gain Roumania to her side, and by the active exertions of M. Hitrovo has succeeded in creating a Russian party. But the majority of Roumanians have not forgotten the treatment which their country received at the hands of Russia, in return for the aid she afforded in the last Russo-Turkish war. Moreover, M. Bratiano has just obtained a large majority in the recent elections, and M. Bratiano is not to be gained by Russia. Therefore it is not rash to assume that, in spite of the unwise commercial difficulties raised by the Hungarians, the strength of Roumania will be thrown in against Russia. Again, although Turkey has certainly entered into no definite engagement with the Central Powers, and it is wholly opposed to her present methods to make any decided declaration of policy, she would in all probability mobilise if a general European war were to break out, and take the opportunity of endeavouring to recover what she lost in Asia Minor by the Treaty of Berlin. She would hold a strong Russian force in the Caucasus, and, in General von der Goltz's

opinion, would be able to send three army-corps to form the extreme right of the forces of the coalition in Europe, besides keeping a sufficient force in Macedonia to keep down any insurrectionary movement, and on the Greek frontier to meet any danger from that quarter. Bulgaria would soon declare against Russia, but her sphere of usefulness would probably be limited to paralysing any hostile intentions of Servia; whilst Montenegro, the only other probable Russian ally, could be kept in check by the Albanians, strengthened by a few regular troops.

Thus, eliminating those forces which would paralyse each other from either side, the countries who would be in line in case of a combined attack by France and Russia upon the Central Powers would be: France and Russia themselves, upon the one hand; Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Turkey (three army-corps), and Roumania upon the other. France could put in line at the declaration of war 900,000 men, and ultimately 2,500,000, exclusive of Colonial and Algerian forces, without, however, sufficient artillery and cavalry for the latter numbers. But as, so far as her ability to render assistance to Russia is concerned, we must consider only the force she could bring to bear against the Triple Alliance, and Spain could place upon her Pyrenees frontier a force of 250,000 men, a deduction must be made of say 200,000 men on this account, and for the reinforcement of the forces in Tunis and Algeria. Russia has an army, on a peace footing, of 840,000 men, and could probably, if allowed time, set on foot a force of 4,000,000 men. How far this enormous number would be really available, seeing that the military reforms since 1878 have never been tested, and considering the insufficiency of means of transport and of roads in Russia, is doubtful. Moreover, von der Goltz and others discredit the numbers themselves, and assert that Russia could only with much difficulty bring 2,000,000 men to bear against the Central Powers. Making allowances for the forces that would be held in the Caucasus by Turkey, or required permanently in other parts of the Empire, and for the rapidity with which modern wars are conducted, it is better to assume the latter figure than the former. We thus arrive at a combined available force for France and Russia of 4,300,000 men.

On the other side, we have Germany, who could in a very short time put 2,000,000 men in the field (a number which under the action of the new military law will soon be greatly increased); Austria with 1,250,000 men; Roumania

with 200,000 ; whilst Turkey's three army-corps would furnish, say 100,000 more. Italy, if she could be sure of immunity against a French naval attack upon her coasts, could furnish ultimately 1,000,000 men ; but unless at the outset of the war the French fleet were completely beaten, or unless the naval preponderance on the side of the coalition were so great as to practically insure the safety of the Italian coasts, she could not move more than 500,000 men, if indeed so many. The length of her coast-line and the narrowness of her territory render her peculiarly vulnerable to an attack from the sea, and she must keep a large number of men ready, and so placed all along her coasts as to be able to meet any such attack suddenly delivered at any point, unless her fleet is overwhelmingly strong as compared with that of her adversary.

To institute a comparison between the naval forces of Russia and France, and of the coalition, is almost impossible. By mere published naval returns, numbers are certainly in favour of the former, but so many deductions have to be made for ships that are no longer serviceable except as hulks, for others only fit for coastguard service and so on, that their numbers tell hardly anything. The deductions to be made on the French side on this account are more than those to be made on that of Italy, the greater number of whose ships are of recent type and construction. Spain also has a good and rapidly increasing fleet in the Mediterranean. It will be safe to assume that the combined naval forces of Italy, Germany, Austria and Spain, are fully equal to those of Russia and France. Therefore if England were to formally join the alliance of the Central Powers the naval preponderance would be altogether on their side, and Italy would be free to throw her whole military weight into the scale. This is one of the chief reasons which renders the adhesion of England so exceedingly desirable in the eyes of the allies ; and here again the uncertainty as to what may be her eventual action must weigh decidedly for peace with the Russian military party.

Leaving, however, England out of account, the forces on either side, both naval and military, appear to be about equal so far as mere numbers are concerned. But there are other factors besides numbers to be considered, such as quality, and the power of using available forces to the greatest advantage. Taking all things into account, the balance of strength is on the side of the coalition ; in any case the possibility of Russia being decidedly successful in case of war is extremely remote. So long

as this is the case, the military party in Russia will not press for war, nor even desire it; and, seeing the peaceful inclinations of the Czar, the balance of probability is against the wishes of the out-and-out war-party being realized, and in favour of peace.

I will now proceed to consider very summarily whether the alliance of the three Central Powers is likely to stand the strains to which it may probably be subjected. Its permanence depends, as I have before stated, simply on the strength of mutual interest, by which it is cemented. To Austria the danger comes from one side only (for, under the effect probably of future material advantages, the old Italian hatred has sufficiently died out to be left out of account)—from Russia. If Russia succeeds in annexing Roumania, Bulgaria, and most of European Turkey (and with hideous disregard of the feelings of our Russophiles she hardly attempts now to conceal that that is her wish), the Slav States of Austria would be russified, and Austria, at any rate in her present form, would disappear. Germany would then be still more powerfully gripped between Russia and France; indeed so intolerable would be her position, that she could hardly retain the rank of a first-class Power. It is essential for Germany that Austria should live and be strong. It is equally essential for Austria that Germany should be her firm ally, for, single-handed, Russia could overwhelm her.

There can thus be no doubt as to the thorough sincerity of Prince Bismarck's expression of the permanent mutuality of the interests of Austria and Germany. The position of Italy is somewhat different to that of the other two States. Whereas Germany has all she requires, and desires only to be left in quiet possession of what is hers, and Austria can only manage to keep what she has got with considerable difficulty, Italy has no trouble in keeping what she already has, and wants more. She is the most aggressive, though perhaps the least strong of the three, and is eager for a great future. For the latter reason she will never, if she can help it, suffer Russia to come down to the shores of the Mediterranean to swamp her with her overwhelming strength. Nor will feelings of gratitude ever prevent her from exerting her power to weaken France. Whilst France is strong, Italy cannot take the position in the Mediterranean to which she aspires, and this fact, as well as the very natural hatred with which the French regard Italy, M. Flourens's friendly explanation of his speeches at Briançon and Gap notwithstanding, is a permanent element in the situation. Thus Italy has great and

durable mutual interests, both as against Russia and France, and her defection from the alliance is not to be feared. At the same time it is pretty certain that when the fight is over, Austria will have to pay her for her trouble.

I have so far only considered the contingency provided for in the first two clauses of the Treaty of October 7th, 1879. The event of France becoming the single-handed attacker of Germany is so highly improbable, that it may be left out of account. The same may be said in regard to her attacking Italy, though, as the Florence affair showed, she will not miss an opportunity of reminding Italy that she is not to be trifled with.

Practically no attacks are to be feared except from Russia,—the Czar holds war or peace in the hollow of his hand. I have already shown why it is probable that no direct attack will be made by Russia on the Central Powers; the only other real danger of a break of the peace in Europe would be the adoption of forcible action by Russia in Bulgaria. And here we certainly seem to find Germany and Austria somewhat at variance. Both Count Kalnoky and Herr Tisza have declared in the most positive way that Austria-Hungary will not suffer the establishment of the preponderance of any one Power in the Balkans. In other words, if Russia attempts to establish her preponderance in Bulgaria by force, Austria must declare war to prevent it. On the other hand, Prince Bismarck declares quite as emphatically that Bulgaria is without the sphere of Germany's interests, and that he is not going to Bulgaria for the pleasure of picking a quarrel with Russia; on the contrary, he is prepared to assist that country to obtain a preponderant influence in Bulgaria, so far as it is compatible with the Treaty of Berlin. This part of the declaration certainly amounts to nothing, since the preponderant influence of any country would be wholly *incompatible* with the Treaty of Berlin. As to the remainder of it, it may up to a certain point be true. Up to the point where Austria, or Austria and Italy together, with such allies as Roumania and Turkey, should commence to get the worst of it in a struggle with Russia, Germany would look on complacently. But after that point Germany would, in her own interest be bound to go to the rescue, and we should see exactly the same combinations as have been considered before,—France and Russia against the Triple Alliance and its allies. The military party in Russia are perfectly aware of this, and therefore in the case of Bulgaria peace is the probability also, and not war. There are other

contingencies to be remembered, such as a possible attack by Russia upon Turkey in Armenia and Lagistan, or an attempt to take Constantinople by a rush from the Black Sea without first marching through Roumania and Bulgaria. These, however, would be mere pawns in the game, and the risk of its having to be played out to the end at once is in all probability sufficient to keep Russia from endeavouring to secure them.

The Bulgarian Question is the most dangerous point on the present horizon, and its settlement should, if possible, be no longer deferred. The situation is curiously humiliating to the Liberal Great Powers of Europe. Russia, by absurdly misusing her opportunities, and by giving a shamefully free hand to the Günzbourgs and Pouliakovs and their band of clients or supporters, by a series of gross mistakes which culminated in the kidnapping of Prince Alexander and the mission of General Kaulbars, utterly destroyed the very natural influence which she possessed in Bulgaria after the Russo-Turkish war. The Bulgarians, disgusted with the misgovernment and greedy corruption of their Russian rulers (as they practically were), elect a Prince of their own choosing to succeed to the throne whence the Russians had driven the sovereign who had been the Czar's nominee. That election is perfectly legal, and is the undoubted expression of the large majority of the representatives of the People; but because Russia did not select him, and opposes her veto, not one single Power has the courage to recognize him. The case is not unlike that of Roumania and Wallachia when, in 1858, they effected their complete union by electing the same Prince. This was against the spirit though not the letter of the Treaty of Paris, and at first there was a little hesitation to recognize the Prince; but first one Power gave way and then another, until in 1861 we find the Porte assenting to the union on the recommendation of the Powers. It is greatly to be regretted that the Powers do not see their way to following a similar course now in the case of Russia and Bulgaria.

This, however, is by the way. I have stated my belief that in the present situation the probabilities are in favour of peace. There remains one point to be explained in its relation to this conjecture—the massing of troops by Russia on her Western frontier. This would, if true, be certainly a warlike sign, but I do not believe it to be true to anything like the extent which has been reported. The *Revue Militaire de l'Etranger*, a most

accurate and carefully conducted paper, supports this view, and information, both private and other, leads me to the conclusion that during the last year, though there may have been a re-arrangement of troops in the military districts of Wilna, Warsaw, and Kiev, there has been no movement of troops from the interior of Russia to the Western frontiers worth speaking of; whilst from 1880 to 1887 only one division of infantry and one of cavalry were so moved, the 41st infantry division from the Caucasus to Minsk, the 13th division of cavalry from Moscow to Lublin. At the present moment in the three above-named military districts, which constitute the first line for a war upon the Western frontiers, there are eight and a half army-corps. This is certainly a large force, but it is spread over a great extent of territory. In German and Austrian territory of corresponding extent there are nineteen army-corps. It must further be remembered that the railway system of Russia, and her means of communication, are so defective as to render rapid mobilisation impossible. Under these circumstances it does not seem that Russia is conveying any threat by gradually moving her troops into positions of greater advantage, indeed in so doing she is merely following the lead of the other Great Powers of Continental Europe. Even if she moved up the whole of the seventeen army-corps intended for a European war, and concentrated them in territories of extent equal to those of Germany and Austria, she would still be at a disadvantage, both in strength and in means of mobilisation, as compared with the two Central Empires. She is now only preparing, but the day when she will be ready is still far off.

Thus, to resume shortly: my reasons for believing that peace will for the present be preserved are that the out-and-out revolutionary war-party in Russia is not strong enough to force the Czar's hand; that the military war-party does not consider Russia sufficiently prepared for war; that the coalition of the Central Powers and their probable allies is unaggressive and sufficiently strong to keep the aggressive Powers, Russia and France, in check; that that coalition rests upon permanent grounds of common interest, and is in no danger therefore of breaking up under a strain; and that, although Russia may be re-arranging her forces (possibly with a view to being listened to more deferentially in regard to Bulgaria) so as to have them more effectively at her disposal, this is not a recent or sudden measure, nor intended to convey a threat.

VINCENT CAILLARD.

The Midland Railway.*

TWENTY years since, when by the Disraeli Reform Bill a third member was given to what were then the seven largest provincial towns in England, it was remarked that the Midland was the only railway company that ran to every one of the seven. To-day, an eighth town, Nottingham, situated in the heart of the Midland system, has increased till it can claim to rank as the equal of Bradford and Bristol. There remain four other places in Great Britain with a population over 150,000, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, and Hull. Glasgow and Edinburgh may almost be said to be on the Midland system: to Hull the Midland run their own trains; while even from Newcastle, the familiar red carriages of the Midland convey passengers without a change all the way south to Cheltenham and Bristol.

The steps by which the vast concern that we see to-day was gradually built up, have been described by Mr. F. S. Williams in his 'History of the Midland Railway.' But as the tale takes 700 pages octavo in the telling, we must not attempt to follow him. Suffice it to say now that nearly fifty years ago there was a railway from Leeds to Derby, known as the North Midland, and that two other local companies, the Birmingham and Derby, and the Midland Counties, competed together for the privilege of carrying forward its traffic for the South. The Birmingham

* No mention will be found in this article of mail trains or of newspaper trains, and but slight notice of the work of the great goods stations. On the other hand, coal, hitherto neglected, will occupy a foremost place. Not but that the North-Western carries millions of tons of coal, and the Midland millions of letters and newspapers. But just as the North-Western is the principal mail route, so the Midland has long been recognised as the leading coal line. Exigencies of space will only permit, as a rule, that a subject shall be mentioned once, and it is as well therefore to discuss it in the place to which it more peculiarly belongs. The same explanation of apparent omissions must also be pleaded as holding good in subsequent articles.—W. M. A.

and Derby fell into the main line of the London and Birmingham at Hampton, the Midland Counties ran through Loughborough and Leicester, and did not touch the London and Birmingham till it reached Rugby. After a furious conflict, in the course of which the Birmingham and Derby was at one time carrying through passengers for 2s. and 1s. 6d., while its local fares for the same distance were 8s. and 6s., the three companies finally amalgamated in 1844 as the Midland Railway, with "King" Hudson as the first chairman of the united company.

From that day to this the centre of the system has been at Derby, a fact that has profoundly affected the whole subsequent course of Midland history. The North-Western, the Great Western, the Great Northern, or any other of the lines with termini in London, may fairly enough be compared to a tree. They have in their suburban lines roots striking out in all directions into the soil of the metropolis, with the vitalizing sap of traffic flowing thence to and fro along the trunk, and permeating through two or three main branches into countless small ramifications in the remotest corners of the country. The tree may be huge and wide-reaching, but however vigorous be its growth, it can only develop upwards and outwards from its main trunk. For the Midland, on the other hand, we must go for a simile to the animal world. It is a great heart with its life-blood pulsating through countless arteries out from the centre of the body to the furthest extremities. But the corpuscles with which heart and arteries are charged and congested are not red but black—they are lumps of coal. "Coal!" a certain Mr. B. of the London and Birmingham is reported to have exclaimed, when it was first suggested that his railway should carry so humble a commodity, "why, they'll be asking us to carry dung next." It is on record, that when coal trucks first passed over this line they were "sheeted" down that their contents might not be suspected; and at Weedon, where coal was transferred to the railway from the barges of the Grand Junction Canal, there stood for many years a high screen, erected originally to conceal the ignominious transaction from the gaze of the passing traveller. But the Midland Company originated in the desire of the Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire coal masters to find an outlet towards the South for the product of their pits. It was coal, first in its raw state, and secondly in the wares that it has mainly helped to manufacture, that in the course of little more than a generation raised the Midland from its original position as a

mere local line into its situation to-day, when its arms extend to London, Bournemouth, Bristol and Swansea on the one side, and to King's Lynn, Carlisle and Liverpool on the other.

Probably there are not many people nowadays who are aware that, if the Midland is the latest, it also was the earliest of the through routes to Scotland. It is less than twenty years since the Midland reached London, and little more than half that time since it pushed its way to Carlisle. But before the Great Northern on the one side, or the Lancaster and Carlisle on the other, was born or thought of, Scotch passengers went to Rugby by the London and Birmingham, thence by the Midland to Northampton, and on to the Border by York, and Newcastle. Later on, when the East Coast route on the one side, and the West Coast on the other, was formed into a compact through system, the Midland seemed likely to be surrounded and choked by the rapid and luxuriant growth of its rivals. The directors therefore felt that they must endeavour to become independent, and the history of the Company for twenty years is little more than the history of this struggle. Nothing, however, is more instructive than to watch its course.

As we have said, the original Midland route to London was by Rugby to Euston; but the North-Western traffic grew, and the Midland traffic grew, till the line was not big enough to hold them both. Naturally North-Western traffic, even if not first come, was first served, and on one occasion it is said there were five miles of Midland coal trains blocked back at Rugby. Then, early in the fifties, the Midland set to work to get a second string to their bow. They built a line from Leicester to Bedford, and on to join the Great Northern at Hitchin, and so found their way into King's Cross. But the traffic went on growing, till again it overflowed. In the Exhibition year 1862, there were 1000 Midland passenger-trains and 2400 Midland goods-trains delayed in the thirty-two miles between Hitchin and London. And so the necessity of the extension to St. Pancras became manifest, and to-day we can look back and wonder how any one could be so blind as not to see it. The North-Western has laid down four lines all the way to Rugby; the Great Northern has either three or four lines almost the whole way to Huntingdon; and they both have quite enough to do to carry their own traffic. As for the Midland, there are over 300 trains a day on some parts of the road between Leicester and London, and, spite of relief lines at

Kettering and relief lines at Wellingbro', it taxes the ingenuity of the traffic superintendent to find room for everything.

One fact seems worth mentioning in this connection. To some railway critics a line is a line, and nothing more, and they are shocked to hear that while English railways have cost very nearly £50,000 a mile, the average in Germany is little more than £20,000, and in the United States only about £11,000. The difference, they suggest, must be due to fraud or folly, or to both combined. Such critics may be surprised to hear, that of the hundred miles from Leicester to London the first half cost about £1,700,000, while the second fifty miles has implied an expenditure of about £9,000,000. The £9,000,000, it is true, includes not only the main line, but the London extensions since constructed, the goods and mineral depôts on both sides of the river, St. Pancras Station and Hotel, and similar items, all of which, however, are counted in to swell the capital cost per mile. On the other hand, the £1,700,000 allowed for the whole line as far as Hitchin, sixteen miles beyond Bedford, and for the rolling stock to work it as well. And ever since, we may venture to believe, each time he has had to find a pilot engine to take some heavy express between Bedford and Leicester, the locomotive superintendent has agreed with the engineer whose permanent way has been knocked about by the weight, and the traffic manager who cannot have the conscience to ask for a faster speed than fifty miles an hour up the Desborough and the Sharnbrook and the Kibworth "banks," in thinking that, if the Bedford and Leicester line had not been built with quite so strict a regard for economy, it would have been better both for the officers and the shareholders of the Company.

The great St. Pancras Hotel, which cost a fair slice out of the nine millions, was constructed, as all the world knows, by Sir Gilbert Scott, according to a design with which he gained the prize in an open competition. How he came, on this single occasion, to compete for the construction of an hotel at all, is perhaps not so well known; but London is said (and we have the story on good authority) to owe what is admittedly one of its finest buildings to the fact that the illness of a member of his family detained Sir Gilbert in town during the dead season. But the design with which the great architect solaced his enforced leisure was never carried out in its integrity. As originally planned, the first floor of the building was to accommodate the general offices of the Company, which were to

be moved from Derby. But the great financial crash of 1867 came in to constrain the Midland Company, like everybody else, to rigid economy, and this scheme was abandoned, and so the hotel to-day lacks one story of its intended height.

St. Pancras terminus, with its span of 240 feet—the widest in existence, 30 feet wider than the two spans of the adjoining King's Cross Station put together—is too familiar to need description, as far at least as its appearance above ground is concerned. It has, however, this peculiarity of construction, that it is, as it has been accurately called, "all roof." The station walls are nothing but screens to keep out wind and weather, and carry no part of the weight of the structure. The girders of the roof come down right to the ground level, where they rest upon rows of iron columns. The tie rods, to hold the girders together, are not, as in ordinary roofs, overhead, but are simply the beams on which the floor of the passenger station rests. But the passenger station is only a small part of the St. Pancras works. Underneath it there are vast cellars that must receive in the course of a year almost as many barrels of beer as there are travellers who pass through the station above. Three special beer trains, and more when the October brewings are on, leave Burton for London every day by the Midland route alone. Single firms reckon their storage space at St. Pancras by the acre and their stock of barrels by the tens of thousands. Yet one stage lower, along the front of the hotel, beneath the terrace, runs an unused tunnel, through which the Metropolitan can any day they choose lay two additional lines; while, crossing and recrossing beneath the station itself, winds the Midland's own line on its way from Kentish Town to join the Metropolitan. Finally, deep down below all, the Fleet, once a river, then a ditch, and now a sewer, flows along its new subterranean bed of colossal iron drain-pipes.

And if it cost the Company £9,000,000 to establish themselves in London, their outlet to the North, partly from the determination that the line should be as good as money could make it, partly from the fact that it was built in the years of inflated prices after 1870, has required very nearly another £4,000,000, or (including branches) £50,000 a mile for the eighty miles between Carlisle and Settle. The Lancaster and Carlisle, which was opened in 1846, in days when engineers had found that engines could round curves and climb hills that would have made the railway men of ten years earlier stare and gasp,

and had not yet learnt that it might not always pay to make them do it, cost originally no more than £1,300,000 for much the same length of line. But then the Lancaster and Carlisle has not only some nasty sharp curves, but a gradient of 1 in 75 for five miles, while on the Settle line there is no gradient worse than 1 in 100.

Probably £20,000 a mile, or thereabouts, is as low a price as any line can be built that is to come up to English standards. At the present moment, the Midland are taking advantage of the unexampled low price at which contracts can be let, and are constructing a short line, eleven and three-quarter miles in length, from Ilkley to Skipton, passing not very far from Bolton Abbey. The gradients are favourable, the work on the whole easy; there are three viaducts, none of them of any great size, and one tunnel of about a furlong. The amounts estimated cost a quarter of a million. Short and unimportant, however, as the line is, it is a perfect microcosm of railway construction; with this further advantage, that the job is not large enough to employ any of the modern labour-saving appliances, steam navvies, or compressed-air boring-machines, and everything is being done by hand in the old-fashioned method.

Any one who wishes to know how a railway is built can hardly do better than go to Ilkley, where the air, even if it be not (as the natives declare) the finest in the world, certainly does not fall far short of that high distinction. Then let him walk along the line and see, how in one place the cutting is carried through the most obdurate of all obstacles, the boulder-clay; how, a little further on, the peat has been dug away to afford a solid foundation; how, in a third place, the embankment has been floated on brushwood, as Stephenson floated his famous road across Chat Moss. Let him notice the elaborate drainage, lest water should lodge anywhere to undermine the security of the permanent way; notice too the substantial stone bridges, in some instances not more than 200 yards apart, built for the convenience of a few sheep or an occasional farm cart, because even this is cheaper than the price that must otherwise be paid as compensation for severance; and then he will have observed at least one reason why English railways are beyond all comparison dearer than those of our Continental neighbours. Then let him reflect that the working expenses of the traffic that is to be will swallow up half the gross receipts, and that therefore the railway manager, if he is to earn 5 per cent. on the new

capital, must succeed in creating new traffic worth £2000 a mile, or £40 per mile a week, and he will hardly go away without feelings both of admiration and sympathy for the men who grapple, and grapple successfully, with tasks like these.

If, however, our imaginary visitor is inclined for exercise of a more active kind than mere walking, let him mount upon one of the small "pug" engines that the contractor has at work, and hold on while it skips and bounds at the rate of fifteen miles an hour over the uneven surface of the temporary road. When we were there, one of the engines was standing with a train of empty tip-waggon between it and the direction in which we wished to travel. There were no points, or means by which it was possible for the engine to run round, and so get rid of them. However, up we got, and set off with the waggons dancing away merrily in front of us. At one point we came to a gap that had been cut in the rock only just wide enough to allow the passage of the train, and as truck after truck rose over the opening and then pitched down abruptly on the further side, it looked for all the world as if it were a flock of sheep that we were chasing through a gap.

Finally, if he wishes to experience an uncanny sensation, let him go on to where the tunnel is in progress, and arming himself with a dip candle stuck into a lump of wet clay, let him push his way through pools of mud and water, past the loaded trucks that are drawing out the "spoil," over or under the scaffolding from which the bricklayers are putting in the lining, on to where the navvies are working away at the face with pick and crowbar, with boring rod and blasting powder. Or if the sickly smell of the powder, the oppressive gloom which the smoky glimmer of innumerable dips only renders more oppressive, and the steady and filthy drip, drip, from the roof above have not yet availed to quench his ardour of exploration, let him move on a stage further, and crawl forward into the heading that is being driven to meet the works that have been undertaken from the other end. After this crowning experience of tunnel excavation, he will have at least some faint conception of what it must be to work in a tunnel, miles away from the opening and the light of heaven, whether it be in the bowels of a mountain like the Mont Cenis or the St. Gotthard, or with a great river like the Severn or the Mersey swirling over one's head.

But we must not stay longer over the anatomy of the extremities, but come at once to the heart of the system where

the "traffic-blood," as Mr. Williams calls it, pulsates in the fullest and most ample streams. But how to describe the engorgement of the aorta? We calculate that at Derby itself, and in the immediate neighbourhood, about three hundred miles of trucks are sorted each week. Let us sketch the process as we first saw it. We left Derby Station on an engine about 8 o'clock in the evening of a bright day in July. As there were on the footplate not only the driver and his fireman, but one of the chief officers of the line, an inspector, and the writer, there was naturally not over much room; but it had been agreed that if a saloon were attached, it would only be in the way in the devious course that we proposed to traverse. Fortunately we were going neither far nor fast, and there was little need for the fireman to ply his shovel.

The first point for which we made was Chaddesden, only about a mile outside the town, where the goods traffic converges from every point of the compass, and is rearranged, made up into fresh trains, and again sent forward. Here a train arrives and leaves every seven and a half minutes throughout the twenty-four hours, and of course at much shorter intervals in the early evening. As Nature has not been kind enough to provide a convenient slope like that at Edgehill,—and indeed as the traffic goes away in both directions instead of being mainly outwards, as is the case at Liverpool, it would be necessary to provide not one slope but two,—another method of sorting has to be adopted. A train arrives, its engine is uncoupled, and a second or shunting engine is attached at the back. This new engine then pushes the train forward to a shunting-neck, which opens out into no less than thirty-five lines. The couplings between the separate "shunts"—the single trucks, that is, or sets of trucks for the different destinations—are meanwhile unhooked; to each shunt one or more horses are attached, and the trucks are by them drawn forward into their appointed siding. A train of forty trucks is in this way broken up in from three and a half to four and a half minutes. Six engines and from fifty to a hundred horses are constantly at work here, and the cost of working was stated some years back to amount to upwards of £27,000 per annum. When we were there on a fine summer's evening the work was easy enough, but we were assured that in cold winter weather, with the grease frozen in the axle-boxes of the trucks, instead of one horse to three trucks the proportion was often three horses to one truck. When to

frost there is added the yet more cruel impediment of a fog, the work becomes sometimes almost more than flesh and blood can stand. But it is got through somehow, though how they do it is more than the men themselves can tell.

Chaddesden seen, we remounted our engine and steamed to the further end of the sidings, our inspector, who seemed to know exactly what point on the line each particular train would have reached at each particular moment, assuring us that we might get away as soon as the so-and-so "passenger" had passed, and run out in front of the "goods" that was booked to follow it. But the first thing to be done was to draw up opposite the signal-box, and tell the signalman who we were and what we wanted; for though signals drop on the approach of a regular train as readily as the turnpike gates flew open before the advent of John Gilpin, a very wilderness of red lamps affronts the gaze of the unexpected intruder. We explain our mission; we are bound for Toton, some ten miles off, which, though Bradshaw know it not, and the published time-tables be ignorant of it, is yet one of the largest railway centres in England. The man signals to the cabin in advance; one beat on the bell of the block instrument to call attention; one beat comes back in reply. He answers with five beats—"be ready; 'light' engine coming." The advance cabin repeats the signal; says, that is in railway language, that the section is clear, and he is ready to receive us; the signal-arm drops, and off we speed into the night. In a few minutes we are at Trent, where, according to Lord Grimthorpe, the bewildered passenger is wont to see red lights glaring in front of him, and to shrink in momentary expectation of a collision, till his fellow-passenger calms his fears by telling him they are only the tail-lamps of his own train. But whatever the curve may be, it is not sharp enough to bring the tail-lamps of our tender before our faces, and the signals are off for us to pass through and up the Erewash Valley line; so we stop but a moment to hand out a bag and a hamper we had brought with us, and a mile or two further brings us to Toton.

Chaddesden dealt mainly with goods traffic; Toton is concerned almost wholly with minerals. Unfamiliar as its name may be, if the coal that is burnt in our London fires could speak, well-nigh half of it would acknowledge its acquaintance with the place. For it is here that the bulk of the produce of the great Derbyshire and South Yorkshire coal-fields is collected and made up into trains ready for despatch southwards. Here the

Company has the natural lie of the ground in its favour. The coal comes down the gently-sloping valley of the sluggish river in full loads, and back up the hill again the engines have nothing to haul but the empty waggons. Right through the middle of the sidings runs the main line to the North, with four sets of rails, one pair for passengers and one for goods ; and no truck, whether full or empty, may venture, without urgent cause, to trespass upon the passenger lines. On the up-side of the line the full trucks are sorted ; on the down-side the returned empties, with an independent staff and different engines. Here too the engines are helped by horses, and it is curious to watch how the clever beasts never put their shoulders to the collar till the engine has "hit up" the trucks and started them. And so, heavy as the work looks, they are none the worse for it ; one fat and contented-looking old mare, who seemed to have plenty of work still left in her, has, we are assured, been here fifteen years already. As there are about fifty horses engaged, and between three and four million tons of coal pass through Toton in the course of a twelvemonth, we calculated that that old mare must have hauled a million tons of coal in the course of her useful if uneventful life.

The Toton stables contain not only fifty horses, but seventy engines, which work the trains from here to Wellingbro', half-way on the main line to London, as well as to Peterborough, to Rugby, and to Birmingham. In the late engine-drivers' strike, Toton was one of the leading centres of the movement. Strangely enough at Wellingbro', a precisely similar position, which finds the engines to work the coal forward to London, hardly a man left his post. But the Midland drivers never had a chance of success, and though Friday and Saturday, the two first days of the strike, during which 18,000 telegrams passed through Derby station, were an anxious time for the officials, it was evident from the very first that the passenger traffic could be kept moving, and if that was done, the rest was easy. There were scores of miles of sidings round Derby where goods and coal waggons could be left standing till fresh men were obtained to work the trains ; if need were, one line of the less important branches could be pressed into the service as a continuous siding, while the traffic could be worked through on the other. But in fact it was only for about two days that even the goods service was seriously disorganized. At Tibshelf Sidings, a place a few miles beyond Toton which deals with

some forty trains a day, there was not a single truck that was not cleared off by Sunday morning.

But we must get back to our engine, which, after a series of successful but complicated manœuvres, is now standing on a convenient siding ready to escape at the first favourable opportunity. Our next destination is Beeston, a mile or two to the west of Nottingham, which performs for the Nottinghamshire coal coming down the valley of the Leen, a stream which rises in the grounds of Newstead Abbey, the same functions that Toton performs for the collieries of Derbyshire and Yorkshire. The work here is done entirely by engines, which puff monotonously to and fro, and so lacks the life and animation that the movement of the horses, and the cries of their drivers lend to the operations at Chaddesden and Toton.

When we got back to Trent, whence the writer was to return to London, it was past three o'clock, and after a short interval, during which we explored the contents of the hamper that the care of the inspector had provided, the engine with the rest of its occupants returned to Derby, and the writer was left to wait for the "First Scotch," which was due to arrive at 4.36. To our disgust we were informed that it was 45 minutes late *ex* Carlisle. At 5.22 in came two huge engines with twenty coaches behind them. Dropping the "pilot," we ran along the level valley of the Soar to Leicester, gaining one minute *en route* on the published time. We started from Leicester at 5.56, needless to say with a "pilot" on, as we were booked to run without stopping the 99½ miles into London in only two minutes over the two hours. Leaving the flat meadows at Leicester, we were to climb to 368 feet above sea-level at Kibworth, to drop down again to Market Harbro'; up the great Desbro' bank to a height of 435 feet; down again to Wellingbro', and up again once more over three hundred feet at Sharnbrook Summit, only to descend again to the marshy levels of the Ouse at Bedford. Then again a long steady pull, till at Leagrave above Luton we are once more 367 feet above sea-level, and our run down the incline past St. Albans only leads to an equal ascent to bring us up to Elstree, till at length we get a long straight course down hill just at the point where the growing accumulation of the London traffic renders any hope of exceptional speed impossible. But of all this we were on this occasion blissfully unconscious.

When, however, we tumbled out of the carriage on to the

platform at St. Pancras, our first instinct was to look at the clock. We could hardly believe our eyes ; the hands said 7.53, but we refused to believe them till our own and the guard's watches confirmed their tale. We had come from Leicester, 100 miles all but three-quarters, over one of the hardest courses in England, in three minutes under the two hours. The mere speed on paper is only a fraction short of fifty-one miles an hour, but when we allow for gradients and the weight of the train (pilot engine though there might be), it was a performance that could hold its own even by the side of the magnificent burst that brings the Great Northern over the 105½ miles between Grantham and London in precisely the same space of time. Some days afterwards we had the opportunity of examining the guard's journal, for of every train on the line the guard, at the end of its journey, sends into headquarters a detailed record, specifying what vehicles were on the train, and where they were attached and detached ; what delays, if any, occurred, and by what they were occasioned ; where engines were changed, and anything remarkable that may have happened. From the journal it appeared that the train was delayed one minute at Normanton and one minute at Finchley by the signal being against it, so our run ought really to have been one minute faster.

But what the journal could not show was yet more remarkable. Past all the other hundreds of signals along its course our train had run unchecked. And yet, seeing that it was three-quarters of an hour after its time, its proper place in the time table must have been filled with goods trains and mineral trains that were timed to leave every junction and every refuge siding all along the line a few minutes after the time at which it ought to have passed. As long as the times of a train on the main line near London depend on the single-line working of some Scotch company 500 miles away, absolute punctuality (especially at fifty miles an hour) is of course unattainable. Thanks, however, to the block system, unpunctuality is no longer, as it used to be, a source of serious danger ; but it says not a little, both for the perfect discipline and carefully thought-out regulations of our railway management, and also for the prompt intelligence of the men themselves, that out of three hundred signalmen in three hundred cabins, where they reign as undisputed sovereigns, not one fails to keep a clear road for the express, come when it may, and this without so delaying the ordinary traffic as to render it unworkable.

But we must not suffer ourselves to be led away, to sing the glories of the great English expresses, or attempt to enter into a contest with that laureate of railway speed, Mr. Foxwell. Let us return to Derby, and humbly making our way on foot through the shops, let us see where his iron steeds are born and reared. As we enter, one of them is just coming out bright in his owner's colours, red with black and yellow hoops, for his first race. In orthodox fashion the first step is to weigh out, only in this case it is the horse that is weighed as well as his rider. And here we fear our metaphor will serve us no further. The engine runs on to a long weigh-bridge divided into three parts, the front part carrying the four small wheels of the bogie truck, the middle the driving wheels, and the third portion the trailing wheels that are coupled to them. Alongside is a small building with glazed front, and inside are three corresponding standards, each with a lever arm on either side. So in this way can be recorded not only the exact weight upon each pair of wheels, but also how much of that weight is borne upon the right-hand and left-hand wheel respectively. Of course the two sides should be equally balanced, but otherwise the weight is by no means intended to be distributed in what the lawyers would call equal undivided third parts. Say the engine weighs forty-two tons, sixteen tons of this ought to be on the driving axle, about three tons less on the other pair of coupled wheels, leaving another thirteen to be carried by the bogie in front. A less weight on the driving wheels would diminish the power of the engine, while more would be too severe a strain for the permanent way and the under-bridges. The engine we saw had over twenty tons on one axle, and so had to go back to the shops and get the screws that regulate the springs adjusted. An ingenious person calculated the other day that the average price of an engine is about $3\frac{1}{4}d.$ per lb. all round. Considering that a locomotive consists of upwards of 5000 pieces, which, in Robert Stephenson's phrase, "must be put together as carefully as a watch," it cannot, we think, be denied that the price is strictly reasonable.

In these fugitive notes it is impossible to attempt to describe a place like the works at Derby, where many thousands of men are employed, and the engines and the carriages and the trucks—for they are all built here—can each of them be counted by the hundred. Let us briefly notice one or two points that struck us. In the old days, when the load was heavy or the rails were greasy, it was the duty of the fireman to clamber along the front

of his engine and sprinkle sand along the rails to increase the "bite," and many a poor fellow lost hold with his numbed fingers, and fell off and was run over while doing so. Of late years in every engine shed is a furnace for drying sand, and the dry sand is conducted down to within an inch of the front of the wheels through a pipe that can be opened or closed from the footplate. But dry sand may blow off the rails and so be useless, or again the pipe may clog; and to meet this the new Midland engines are fitted with a steam jet that not only moistens the sand, but forcibly drives it down on to the rails. The engineers, however, on the St. Gotthard, and also the manager of one of the Welsh railways, have advanced beyond this point, and have adopted a steam jet, not in addition to, but in place of the old sprinkling of sand. For, strange though it may seem, it is yet a well-known fact, that while an engine can only drag half its normal load on rails that are merely damp, as soon as they become wet it can draw what is practically its full load again. The jet of live steam has another advantage, that it melts any snow that may be lying on the track.

In all the shops there is perhaps no more interesting point than the laboratory in which mechanical tests of material are made. A new consignment, let us say, of rails, or of wheel-tires, of crank axles or of boiler-plates, has been received. Portions are cut off (and in making comparisons care must be exercised that the sample of each class of article is taken from the same place), and then they are bent to test whether they are mild or highly tempered; they are crushed beneath the tremendous pressure of a hydraulic ram; they are torn asunder, both to test their tensile strength, and also that the appearance of the fracture may be minutely studied. Specimens, numbered and dated, and labelled with the maker's name, contorted some of them into the most fantastic shapes, are ranged in glass cases all round the room. The makers' names are few, and for the most part world-famous. Too much may hang on the strength of a boiler-plate or a driving-axle for a company to be tempted to employ any but firms with an established reputation for first-class work. But, as far as we could gather, there is no best firm. One year A. may take the lead in one thing and B. in another, and the next year C. may be beyond them in both. A uniform standard of excellence is valued more than an average which is higher, but obtained as the mean of wider variations.

Nor were steel and iron the only materials that were tested

here. A series of experiments had been conducted to settle whether English or foreign oak was the best for "keys." The conclusion went to show that our præ-scientific ancestors, who took the oak as a type of the nation, had a true instinct after all. "English oak," ran the report, "the best on the whole, and will bear most punishing; foreign oak the kindest and the straightest grain." Lest our national pride should be exalted over-much, it must be added that the breaking strain in tons per square inch of surface was for the foreign wood 7·08, and for English 7·25, hardly a victory as decisive as our grandfathers would have thought their due. Steel under the same conditions will give out anywhere between twenty-five tons and fifty. Portland cement, as we learnt from some interesting experiments elsewhere, will stand a strain of about 325 pounds.

In the erecting shop, in which the engines are fitted together, we noticed one locomotive whose body appeared as though it were entirely swathed in cotton-wool. We had often heard of boilers getting burnt, but could scarcely suppose that their burns were treated with so human a remedy. So we enquired, and learnt that our cotton-wool was a substance known as silicate cotton; that it was manufactured out of the refuse slag of the furnaces; and that, being both a very bad conductor of heat and entirely incombustible, it was used for the "lagging" or covering of the boilers instead of wood, which is liable to take fire if overheated.

Not far from the engine shops are the carriage works, which are probably as complete and as well-fitted with labour-saving appliances as any in England. At the entrance of the works the timber is delivered in huge balks and stacked. When it has been properly seasoned and is required for use, it passes into the saw-mills, thence forward into the planing shop, and so on, growing lighter and lighter at each stage as it advances on its journey, and only at length retracing its course when it is turned out in the form of a finished carriage at the further end. One most ingenious machine we watched for some time. Two circular saws set obliquely on the same spindle, which pushed a board along in front of their teeth, and cut out dovetails on its edge as it passed. The whole of the belting for driving the different machines is in a cellar underground, so that the light falls unobstructed from the roof, and there is nothing overhead to interfere with the free movement of the workmen and their free manipulation of the planks or beams on which they may be

engaged. A more ghostly place than that same underground cellar, with an endless vista of belts and pulleys and driving gear, humming and whizzing in the dim light—made yet more dim by the floating particles of sawdust with which the air was full—it has seldom been our lot to visit.

A not unimportant official at Derby is the Company's photographer in ordinary. His functions are various. When engines or carriages of a new pattern are constructed, he takes a record of their features. Again, perhaps it is reported to the engineer that a viaduct shows signs of giving way, that a wall has cracked, or an embankment slipped, and in the first instance, if the damage is only slight, instead of going himself to see the state of affairs, he sends the photographer to see and record it for him. Or if an accident has happened, there can be no dispute afterwards how the engine was lying, or whether such and such a carriage left the metals, once a commission has been issued to take the evidence of the sun. A few miles off, however, at Trent, we found a yet more remarkable portion of the Company's staff: eight cats who were borne on the strength of the establishment, and for whom a sufficient allowance of milk and cat's-meat was duly provided. And when we say that the cats have under their charge, according to the season of the year, from one to three or four hundred thousand empty corn-sacks, it will be admitted that the Company cannot have many servants who better earn their wages. The holes in the sacks, which are eaten by the mice, which are not eaten by the cats, are darned by twelve women, who are employed by the Company.

Adjoining the sack-store, which is surely a development of railway working that even the prescient genius of a Stephenson could hardly have foreseen, is the sheet-store, where a hundred men are constantly employed making and repairing the tarpaulins ("sheets" they are always called) with which the railway trucks are covered. Some ten thousand are turned out new every year; and five or six times that number come back annually to be repaired and redressed. For the usage to which they are exposed is of the roughest, and the hole that lets the water in, on to perhaps a case of drapery or a bale of silk, may result in a claim of £100 as damages. The manager of the stores has recently designed an ingenious form of folding trestle which runs from end to end of the truck, and acts like a ridge-pole to form a sloping roof, and so prevent the water from lodging.

Apart from the odour, which to one who is unaccustomed to

it is at least unpleasantly powerful, the process of manufacture is interesting from its colossal scale. Widths of jute sacking are stitched together by machines that bear about the same proportion to the sewing-machine of domestic use that a warming-pan bears to a watch. The mixture with which they are dressed is composed of boiled oil and vegetable black, oil in vats and lamp-black in casks. For the dressing they are laid out on the floor and painted over with huge brooms. Each sheet first receives five coats of black, next a broad edging of yellow, and lastly its number and the letters M. R. are stencilled upon it. It is then hung up to dry for six weeks or two months, when it is ready for use. The number enables its life-history to be traced in the store books, but with the help of the yellow edge it serves a further purpose. Every day, at scores of junctions all over Great Britain, Midland sheets by the hundred are passing over on to "foreign" lines. A record of each is kept and sent next morning to the Clearing House in London. If within a few days the Clearing House does not receive word that this same sheet has been returned, a charge for demurrage is made against the foreign Company.

We must hope later on to find space to say something of the much vexed question of breaks. Whether a break should be "vacuum" or "pressure," automatic or simple, is still matter of controversy. But all are nowadays agreed that a continuous break of some kind is absolutely indispensable, and there is hardly a passenger carriage on any of the great lines to which such breaks are not already fitted. The Midland was the first company to introduce into England the "Westinghouse," a form of break that is now universally adopted on more than one of the leading lines. Nor was this the only improvement the Midland imported from across the Atlantic. The Pullman drawing-room cars, though they run all over the country from Brighton to Perth, can hardly be said to have had more than a *succès d'estime*. But in their more recent development of breakfast cars, and luncheon cars, and dining cars, they are as yet only in their infancy and evidently have a great future before them. The Pullman "sleepers" have not only given many a hard-worked man of business a good night's rest, but also have stimulated other railways, that have not cared to adopt the American design pure and simple, to furnish sleeping saloons divided into the separate compartments that are so dear to the heart of every true Englishman.

But there is more than this. Englishmen could always claim that their railway service was the fastest and most convenient in the world. If to-day we can claim without fear of contradiction that it is also the cheapest, that we owe to the enterprise—some few railway men would still say to the mistaken generosity—of the Midland. People talk of high fares, and in Kent and Sussex first and second-class fares are high enough in all conscience. They forget, however, that for one passenger first-class to Hastings there are a thousand who book third to Manchester and Liverpool. From Paris to Havre the distance is $142\frac{1}{2}$ miles. There are five third-class trains in the twenty-four hours, but not one of them between noon and eleven at night: the fastest takes six hours all but five minutes, the average is 7.21. To Sheffield, some eighteen miles farther, there are seventeen third-class trains, of which only three take more than four hours, while one performs its journey under three hours and a quarter. The French fare is 12s. 4d.: for the additional eighteen miles the English companies add on an extra ninepence. And not only are English third-class carriages incomparably better than their foreign rival, but (apart from the Brighton, South-Eastern, and Chatham lines, which are corrupted doubtless by the evil communications of the Continent), there are only six trains in all England from which third-class passengers are excluded. It would be well if the French companies would offer evidence of as practical a belief in the great doctrine of equality.

But we must conclude. We would fain have sketched the office where automatic machinery turns out tickets at the rate of thirty millions per annum, and the works where hundreds of thousands of gallons of creosote are forced by hydraulic pressure into the heart of hundreds of miles of sleepers. Gladly, too, would we have described the new goods depot at St. Pancras, which stands on the site of 600 houses, and has used up 800 tons of rivet heads in its construction. But we can only plead that just as the Midland Railway, our great example as it is our theme, has been arrested in its development by the impassable barrier of the four seas, we too find that inexorable limits of space bar our further progress, at least for the present.

W. M. ACWORTH.

A Mysterious Summons.

THE following story was told me by a lady. She was the wife of a rich squire in the East of England, after whose death she married a well-known Italian. She was a woman of remarkable ability and of great information, though somewhat eccentric. She had heard the story, with dates and the names of persons and places. These she had forgotten, and had never been able to supply them.

She declared, however, that she was positively assured that all the details had been verified by the French public authorities where the events related had occurred, and that the records still existed somewhere, if the place could only be found.

During the first French Revolution, two Frenchmen of high birth, Count A. and Viscount B., were despatched by the Royalist party on a mission to England.

During their journey on horseback to a northern port of France, where a vessel awaited them, they were on one occasion benighted in the middle of a wide heath. Riding slowly forward they perceived a light from what turned out to be a large and solitary château. After some knocking, steps were heard slowly coming in the yard within, and at last the door was cautiously unlocked. A porter or caretaker peered through the narrow opening and asked the reason of the knocking.

"We have lost our way and are tired and hungry. We require shelter and food for ourselves and our horses."

"Impossible!" was the churlish reply, and the door was about to be closed, when one of the travellers intercepted it with his foot, and producing a pistol, said—

"We are quite ready to pay for our lodging and supper, but we cannot go further to-night."

The caretaker paused for a moment, as though reflecting, and at last he said—

“I will give you shelter for the night, and food for yourselves and your beasts, on one condition, viz. that you give me your word of honour as gentlemen, which I am sure you are, that nothing will induce you to leave the room I give you, and that to-morrow at daybreak you go on your journey without asking any questions.”

The promise given, the door was opened, and the horses taken to the stables, which were within the court. The porter then led the two travellers up a splendid staircase and through a long corridor hung with tapestry, at length turning into a large empty room furnished as a drawing-room, and evidently belonging to the dwelling of a wealthy noble.

Near the door was a large fireplace in which a fire soon blazed. Candles were lighted, and the travellers saw two large and luxurious beds, with rich heavy hangings, one nearer than the other to the entrance. A table was placed near the fire, and before long a substantial supper was brought, the utensils supplied for the meal, and all the belongings of the house showing considerable luxury.

After eating their supper the two travellers went to rest. The elder took the bed nearest the door, leaving the other, at some feet off, to his companion. Logs had been placed on the fire sufficient for the night, the door was locked, and the wayfarers gladly betook themselves to sleep.

About an hour after going to sleep the elder suddenly woke, starting in his bed. He could not account for this sudden waking. The room was strongly lighted by the fire, there was no noise, and Count A. was about to lay himself once again on the pillow, when a remarkable sight met him. A man of striking appearance, with a grey beard but dressed in the ordinary blouse, walked slowly towards the bed. When he had approached within a few feet he beckoned three times to the Count, as though wanting him to follow.

The Count gazed at him without moving, when the figure, bowing courteously, turned round and walked slowly away, stopping from time to time and looking back, repeating his beckoning gesture with an imploring gaze, till he reached the door, when he disappeared. Naturally startled at this unusual appearance, Count A. rose from his bed and walked to the door to see if it had been tampered with, but it was still locked.

Very weary, he turned into his bed and once more fell asleep. About an hour later he again started in the same sudden manner. Again he saw the same figure, this time nearer his bed. Again did it beckon to him to follow, and, moving towards the door, turned with greater eagerness, and still oftener than before, to repeat the same motion with his hand. The hand was that of a gentleman, small and white, and with a ring on one of the fingers.

Frightened at this extraordinary apparition, Count A. this time woke his companion and narrated what had passed. "Nonsense," replied the latter, "you ate too much supper and have been awoken by a nightmare. I am really too tired to talk about it."

The nervous earnestness with which the elder traveller repeated the story, however, impressed the younger, until he proposed that the curtains of the Count's bed should be tied to the bedclothes of his, so that in case of a third visit he could be awakened without noise. After securely fastening the curtains of one bed to the coverings of the other, each returned to his own couch.

A third time the Count was awakened in the same startling manner. The figure stood close to his bed, and the face of the visitor looked down on that of the awakened sleeper. The features of the apparition were plainly marked. They exhibited great pain and sadness. The Count grasped the hangings! The apparition held up his hand. The Count jerked at his curtains, but they fell back without resistance, for the knot had become untied. Once again the figure retreated sorrowfully, turning but seldom to beckon, as though the attempt had been given up in despair.

It was now near daybreak. The Count awoke his companion, and they sat up together till morning.

Shortly after dawn the caretaker, according to previous agreement, knocked at the door, which the Count unlocked without difficulty, and the morning meal was brought in. The caretaker looked curiously at the two visitors as though inclined to ask questions. He, however, did not carry out this intention.

The travellers, mindful of their promise, made no remark. The horses, well groomed and refreshed, were ready for their journey, and the two companions left the château, the caretaker refusing to accept any payment or gratuity. The two men rode

away, reached their port of embarkation, and arrived safely in England.

Not many years later the elder of the two returned to France and accepted the new state of things. The Bonaparte Government offered him an administrative post in the North. This the Count accepted, and among the other inducements which led to his acceptance was the chance of elucidating the mystery which constantly recurred to his memory. A very short time elapsed after assuming his duties when he made enquiries as to the château and its owners.

The story told him was that the château belonged to the Marquis de —, a gentleman of great wealth and of retired habits. When somewhat advanced in life he had married a girl of low extraction but of great beauty—the daughter of the peasant who now took care of the château. A year or two after their marriage a half-brother of the Marquis had left the army and come to reside with his brother, and some months later all three disappeared from the country together, without leaving any address, the château being placed under the care of the father of the Marquise, an old gamekeeper. The rapid succession of incidents in the Revolution, by absorbing public interest, had prevented enquiry. The caretaker led a gloomy solitary life at the château. He was little seen except when he went out to make purchases ; but he always appeared to be well provided with money.

Arming himself with the necessary legal authority, which probably lent itself easily to the functionaries of the State, the Count prepared to investigate the mystery. He accordingly repaired to the château with the agents of the law, and a priest well known in the neighbourhood, to whom the story had been told.

On arriving at the house the caretaker endeavoured to withstand the intrusion, but, yielding to force, the gate was opened, and the Count and the priest proceeded straight to the room where the incident had occurred.

"I think," said the priest, "this affair at present belongs more to me than to the law. Allow me to spend the night here alone. All I require is a lantern and a pistol. There will be force within hearing, but I believe the mystery can be solved more easily by one man than by many." The brave old man's offer was accepted. The Count and his attendants posted themselves

in other parts of the house, keeping the caretaker with them. A fire was lighted in the large room, and the priest was left there alone with his prayer-book.

He had not remained long, when the figure appeared beckoning to him, and he at once rose to follow. It passed through the door, always looking from time to time to see that the priest was behind. It led the way through a long corridor, then into a room which still contained all the appearance of a lady's. In the corner was a small staircase, down which the priest descended in obedience to the summons of the apparition. It led to a small vestibule which opened into a chapel. The figure walked slowly up the aisle, ascended the steps of the altar, then suddenly disappeared.

The priest, following with his lantern, perceived after some search a brass ring on the very spot where the figure had vanished. It was evidently the handle of a trap-door, which, however, resisted all the attempts of the priest to raise it. He fired his pistol, and soon the Count and his attendants came to his help.

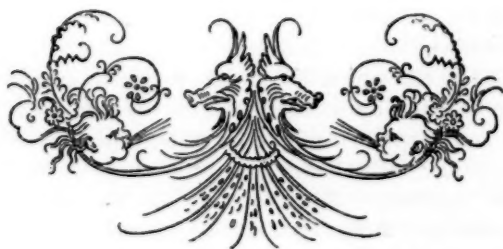
The door raised, a steep ladder-staircase led into a vault. At the bottom of the ladder lay a human skeleton, dressed in clothes similar to those worn by the apparition, and with a beard still hanging to the chin. A ring was on the finger.

The caretaker made little difficulty in confessing the real facts. The Count, who was a man of the kindest disposition, and had treated his half-brother with unwonted indulgence, had discovered that too intimate relations existed between him and his wife. Frightened at his orders to them to leave the house, the two had murdered him as he slept in the large room, and conveyed his body along the passage through which the figure had led the priest. The caretaker was taken into confidence, and left to look after the house and property while the criminal couple had left the country and were living in Belgium under an assumed name, supplied with money by the woman's father, the caretaker, from the resources of the property to which the half-brother was the natural heir. He and the woman were brought back to France, tried, and executed.

This story was told me nearly forty years ago at Jersey during the year of the first Exhibition. Though in simple language, it was related with great dramatic force and undoubted good faith. The lady declared to me that she fully believed the story had

been officially recorded in the archives of some municipal or provincial department in France. She was by birth of considerable rank, and members of her family had been in close friendship with many *émigrés*. She promised to let me know if she ever heard of it again ; but I saw little of her afterwards, and she is now dead. It would be interesting to know whether her narrative had any foundation. Some one who may have heard the tale may supply the information. I have never heard it from any other source nor read of it in any book. The narrator told me that those who had first related the story were evidently believers in its truth.

H. DRUMMOND WOLFF.



Reminiscences of Boar-hunting in Morocco.

HUNTING wild boar on horseback with the lance, or "Pig-sticking," as it is called by sportsmen in India, was introduced by me in Morocco about eighteen years ago.

The Moorish hunters are generally small farmers and peasants from the villages around Tangier, who join the hunt solely from love of sport. Some of them act as beaters, wearing leathern aprons and greaves, such as the ancient Greek peasantry wore, to protect their legs; they carry billhooks to cut their way through the thicket, others carry long guns. They are accompanied by native dogs, looking like a breed between a collie and a jackal, but have noses that can wind a boar from afar, and do good service.

As the thickets where the animals lie are bordered by the sea on one side and by lake or plain on the other, the boar, when driven, generally made straight for the guns, and we were wont to have capital sport, shooting on an average about fifteen boar in two days' hunting. There are also jackals and porcupine, and during a beat near Braij a panther took me by surprise, jumping across the path where I was posted, before I could fire. This animal was shot afterwards on a neighbouring hill.

On one occasion in a drive on the promontory of Braij, which is surrounded by the sea and river "Tahardats," except for a narrow slip of sand on the northern side, sometimes flooded at high tides, we found thirty-six boar in one beat, and killed fourteen. It was an exciting sight to view the boar breaking from the bush across the neck of sand about 150 yards broad. The herd did not break together, but came separately and continuously. A large tusker who led the van was wounded, as he sallied from the bush, and forthwith charged the man who had fired, pursued by dogs, and then beaters who ran up to the rescue were followed

again by other boar, who, wounded in their turn, pursued the beaters that were hurrying after the first boar; then came dogs, pigs, beaters, more dogs and pigs. Volleys were fired up, down and across the line, regardless of the rules of the hunt. Great was the excitement; several beaters were knocked down by boar but no one was ripped, though dogs and boar lay wounded and dying on the sands all round. I shot five boar; one great tusker being wounded, sat on his haunches in the defiant posture of the Florentine Boar, so I ran up, assassin like, from behind, and plunged my knife to the heart.

In one of the beats, a hunter named "Shebaa," a veteran past seventy, had just shot a boar, when the dogs came in full cry after another, and he had only time to pour in the powder carried loose in his leathern pouch, and to put the long iron ramrod down the barrel, when another tusker came to the front. Shebaa fired, and sent the ramrod like a skewer through the body of the boar, who charged back and knocked him over. Shebaa fell flat on his face, neither moving arm nor leg, whilst the boar stood over him, cutting into ribbons his hooded 'Jelab' of wool. He shouted for help, exclaiming, "Fire! fire!" I ran up within a few feet. "I fear to hit you," I said. "Fire!" he cried. "I would rather be shot than be killed by a 'haloof.'"^{*}

I stooped low, and raising the muzzle of my gun, shot the boar through the heart. The huge carcass fell upon Shebaa, who, when released from the weight, got up and shook me by the hand heartily, saying, "Praise be to God the merciful, and thanks to you I have escaped death." I withdrew the ramrod, which had passed right through the body of the animal.

I had not at that time introduced the lance or spear, but when boar happened to take to the open I had frequently pursued on horseback and killed with an ancient rapier I possessed.

On one occasion I pursued a large sow on a little barb, about fourteen hands three, with gun in hand across the plain of Arara. We came suddenly on a ditch formed by an estuary from the sea, about sixteen feet broad. No bank was visible until I saw the boar suddenly disappear, and before I could pull up, my nag tried to clear the ditch, but failed, as the ground was soft on the brink, so in we plumped headlong into thick mud and water, gun and all; but a pistol, loose in my holster, by good fortune was cast high and dry on the opposite bank.

^{*} 'Haloof,' Moorish word for Boar.

The horse, sow, and I wallowed for some seconds in the mud together, each of us scrambling out about the same moment, for I had chosen an easier ascent of the bank to clamber up than the sow had done. I left my gun swamped in the mud, and, seizing hold of the pistol, remounted. Away we went again. It was about a quarter of a mile to the bush, where the sow would be safe. I came up alongside and fired; she turned and made a jump to seize hold of my leg, but missed, passing her fore leg up to the elbow in my right stirrup, and there her leg and my foot were jammed. The hind legs of the sow just touched the ground. She tried to bite my knee; I struggled to release my foot and the sow her leg. I had no other weapon than the exploded pistol, and my fear was that the stirrup-leather would give way, and then, if I fell, the sow would have it all her own way. The pain from my jammed instep was intense, but after a few seconds the sow freed her leg and then turned on my horse, who cleverly leapt aside as she charged.

The sow then made for the thicket, badly wounded, and when the dogs came up we found and killed her. The hunters, who had viewed the chase from the side of the hill, and had been hallooing joyously on witnessing the pig, horse, and me tumble into the ditch, were greatly amused in aiding me to remove the thick coating of grey mud which shrouded my person, my gun, and the body of my horse.

On another occasion, when a very large boar, slightly wounded, was making up the side of a rocky hill, bare of bush, a strange Moor, with a long gun, who had joined the hunt, ran along the open to a narrow path where the boar would have to pass, and squatted down to pot him. I was about forty yards off, and shouted as the boar made towards him. "Look out! Stand aside of the path!"—but the stranger remained steady, fired, then jumped up and ran.

The infuriated beast pursued and knocked him headlong over, ripping his legs and body, as he struggled to get up.

I ran up with another hunter, but boar and man were so mixed up, I could not fire. The boar, burying his snout under the man's clothes, ripped his body severely, and then seizing his woollen dress in its mouth like a bull-dog, knelt on his prostrate body. I dared not fire; so laying hold of the hilt of a sword my companion carried, and finding the point too blunt to pierce the iron-clad hide, I told the owner to take

hold of the point, and putting the blade under the boar's throat, we sawed away until the beast fell dead, still holding the man's dress in his jaws. The wounded Moor, who was built like a Samson, fainted away from loss of blood. We stanchd his wounds, making a tourniquet with handkerchief and stick, laid him on the pad of a mule, and sent him into town to a room in my stable, where he was attended to by a surgeon for three weeks and recovered. On taking leave of me, he observed it was his first and would be his last boar hunt. This man, as I learnt afterwards, was a famous cattle-lifter. He told the hunters, that out of gratitude for my care of him, he would never rob my cows or the cattle of my friends.

We were wont to hunt for a couple of days every fortnight at Sharf el Akab and Arara, but finding that the mountaineers from the hills of Benim Sooar and Gibel Habeeb, who dwell about twelve miles from this hunting-ground, had been in the habit of coming down in large parties once a week to hunt and were destroying the game, we determined, from a spirit of rivalry, to hunt more frequently.

There had been conflicts between my hunters and the mountaineers, and during a beat for boar, when a number of these wild fellows had joined our hunt, I heard bullets whizzing and cutting the branches near to where I stood. One of these mountaineers was caught by my party, and a vigorous bastinado was inflicted on the culprit, who had been seen to take a deliberate shot at me.

In less than six months the boar at Sharf el Akab and Arara were destroyed, except a huge "Solitaire," who had made his lair on the rocky hill of Boamar, then overgrown with impenetrable bush. He was a very wary animal, who refused to bolt when bayed at by dogs, frequently killing or wounding the curs that ventured to approach his lair.

At that time a Spaniard had brought, much to the annoyance of the peasants, a herd of tame pigs to feed in the cork wood, for, as the peasants reported, the "accursed animals" not only fed on acorns and white truffles, which abound there, but ravaged also their grain crops, whither the Spaniard had been seen to drive the herd at night to feed.

Complaints were made by the farmers to the Moorish authorities regarding the havoc committed by the pigs, and I backed their petition to the Basha. So the herdsman was ordered by the Spanish Legation to remove the herd, which was

accordingly done ; but two of the Spaniard's sows were missing, and he offered a handsome reward to any Moor who would bring them dead or alive, declaring that they had been led astray by a large wild boar, who had been seen by him to come boldly amongst the herd some weeks before, had attacked and ripped severely a tame boar, paying no attention to the herdsman's shouting, and had led off, as he declared, "*Dos cerdas muy hermosas*" (two very beautiful sows), not unwilling, as he insinuated, to accompany their captor.

The Spaniard declared he had occasionally seen at dusk his two sows with the boar, feeding in the plains ; but as soon as the latter winded man, he made off at a gallop with his captives.

A hunter reported this to me, mentioning that he had been offered five dollars for each sow, dead or alive, and that he believed both sows had large litters of wee striped pigs, evidently the progeny of their captor.

I communicated with the Spaniard, and these two sows and their litters were sold to me for about 6*l*. I made known to the Basha of Tangier how the sport at Sharf el Akab had been spoilt by too frequent hunting, both of my party and of the mountaineers ; and related how I had purchased the Spaniard's two sows and their litters. I requested that orders should be sent to the mountaineers who were under the Basha's jurisdiction to keep to their own hunting-grounds, and not hunt at Sharf el Akab ; and that the peasantry also of the villages around Tangier should be warned not to shoot boar in that district unless they joined our hunt, which had always been open to sportsmen, "Moslem or Nazarene," of low or high degree.

To all this the Basha agreed, whilst I offered to give compensation to farmers whose crops might be injured by the ravages of my porcine acquisition. I also made known to the Foreign Representatives the steps I had taken, and requested them to give directions to the subjects of their respective governments not to shoot or hunt the hybrids or any other boar in that district, as it was my intention not to shoot boar in the preserved district, but to hunt with the spear, after a couple of years, when I expected not only the hybrids would have increased in numbers, but that they would be joined by wild boar from the neighbouring hills.

My wishes were granted, and a document was signed to that effect by Basha and Foreign Representatives, which for years has

not been infringed,* except by an unprincipled French Dragoman, since dismissed from the service of his government; and I am sorry to add by a *ci-devant* officer in the British army, who held a civil post at Gibraltar, and prided himself, having full knowledge of the regulations of our hunt, in poaching at night on the preserved ground. He shot on one occasion two fine sows with litters of squeakers in their wake, too young to feed without their dams, though he knew that I always gave notice, through the *Gibraltar Chronicle*, to the officers and other sportsmen at that garrison whenever a hunt with the lance was to take place. The officers of the garrison let their *ci-devant* comrade know what they thought of his poaching and ungentlemanly conduct.

The hybrids at first were not disposed to break from cover and give a fair gallop in the open; but when the two "*hermosas cerdas*" were slain, their progeny behaved better, and now give capital runs across country, and are more disposed to charge than the thoroughbred boar.

The mode of hunting with the lance is to drive a thicket where pig are reported to lie, with beaters, dogs, and stoppers, towards the marsh plain or cork wood, where the pig knows that he can make for cover in an opposite thicket. The chief beater sounds a horn when a boar is on foot, firing gun or pistol should he come to bay. The horsemen are placed down-wind, concealed as much as possible, with directions to keep silent, and not to start until the boar is well away in the open, so as to ride in the rear and check his turning back to the thicket. It is a difficult task to prevent those who are novices or not sportsmen at heart from breaking through these rules, especially ardent youths who may view the boar break, and hope to take the lead by an early start.

The boar, when aware that he is pursued, puts on pace. It requires a fast horse to come up for the first quarter of a mile;

Within the last five years two members of Foreign Consulates got up an opposition hunt, in consequence of my having given directions that the boar which were killed in our hunts should not be carried off by them, or their dependants, to sell in the Gibraltar and Tangier markets. When a large number of boar were slain, that which was not required for the use of the members of the hunt, or their friends, was distributed by me to poor Christians in Tangier.

These foreigners, when they heard that a day was fixed for a hunt on the reserved district, went to the ground beforehand and rattled the woods, mobbing the pig with greyhounds and dogs. They rarely succeeded in spearing boar, but covertly shot at them, contrary to the regulations and signed agreement, and then when the animal was dead, or dying, gave it a thrust with the spear, so it might appear the lance, and not the gun, had been used.

but when hard pressed, the boar gets blown, shortens stride, and begins to dodge amongst the low bush. The lance is carried loose in the hand, and hardly requires to be thrust at the boar, for with the weight of man and horse full gallop it pierces the hide like a knife into a pat of butter ; but if a large boar comes to a stand, a very strong arm will find it difficult to force the point of the spear into the iron-clad hide, unless the boar charges, and then eighteen stone rushing thirty miles an hour against a spear firmly held, ensure penetration. I have held my spear down to receive a charge, and the animal has transfixed himself, coming right up with his snout near my leg, the lance having passed through his body.

The rider who first wounds or even pricks the boar has all the honour, though a second or other spears may give the death-thrust. Boar, sow, or young pig will turn and charge to rip or bite, as soon as blood is drawn. They know no fear, and die fighting. It is an inspiring sight to view an old tusker come to the brink of the thicket with his bristles and tail up, look around, or rather hold his snout up, to catch the breeze, for his sight is not good ; but he can wind half a mile off, and after satisfying himself the enemy is not in front, away he goes across the open. The horseman should hold hard if the opposite cover is not near until the boar gets away a good hundred yards. It often happens that even before a tusker is pricked he will suddenly turn round and charge his pursuers. Horses are ripped occasionally to death, but I never remember a rider being ripped, nor is it likely such risk will be incurred so long as he sticks to the saddle. Even should he get a fall, some spear in his wake will be ready to draw away the boar's attention from his prostrate foe.

One of the best gallops I ever had was in pursuit of a huge boar, who took across the lake from a thicket of Arara. My son, a first-rate rider, was with me ; we did not carry spears, but had revolvers. After a hard gallop we came up with the boar a few yards before entering the cork wood. We fired several shots, but the animal sped on at racing pace, charging us alternately. The wounds which the boar received (for blood poured down his flank) were not of a character to stop his career, so away we dashed through the wood, dodging the cork trees, firing occasionally a shot, until the boar ringed back to the thick jungle of Arara from which he had been driven, and there it was out of the question to follow on horseback. Disheartened and

greatly disappointed, for the boar was one of the largest we had seen for many years, we joined the hunters, and dismounted to give our nags a rest, whilst our party lunched.

We had halted for an hour, and were again preparing to mount, when a shepherd, all tattered and torn, ran up to me breathless, saying a "haloof," black as a "Jin" and as big as a bull, had passed through the flock of sheep he was tending, knocking several over; had charged his dog, and made for the sea, where, he said, after rolling several times, the boar stood erect amidst the waves, throwing water over his body. "This lad is a 'Kedab'" (a liar), exclaimed one of the hunters. "Who ever heard of a boar bathing in the sea at midday?"

"Make haste," exclaimed the lad; "it is about half an hour's walk, and if the boar is not still there, the tracks on the shore will show whether I lie or not."

So off the hunters started, guided by the shepherd. As we topped the sand-hills which line the coast, a black form, such as the shepherd had described, big as a bull, was viewed amongst the waves. My son and I recognized the enormous beast that had given us the gallop, who had evidently taken to the sea to cool his wounds. As our party approached in line, to check any attempt of the boar to take back to Arara, he came out of the breakers with bristles up, and "*Volta feroce al inimico*" (a word of command formerly used in the Portuguese army), prepared to receive us.

Some of the hunters were about to fire, which I prevented, saying I would approach on horseback, as we might have the chance of another gallop. When I got within twenty yards, the beast charged. I fired my revolver, missed, gave spurs to my nag, and was pursued until the dogs, which had been held back, were let loose, and the boar then took out to sea, breasting gallantly the rollers, making due west for the first Port in the United States, with the hounds in his wake.

When it became evidently the intention of the pig to emigrate and he was two hundred yards well out to sea, I cried "fire," as his black form topped a wave. Volley after volley followed, and the huge carcase was washed back on shore. The boar was a hybrid, perfectly black, with good tusks, measuring about six feet two from snout to end of tail, and three feet two from shoulder to hoof. I have preserved the hide.

The largest boar I have ever seen, measured six feet four from snout to tail, three feet four in height, and weighed twenty stone

when cleaned. An old beater of eighty, whose dog had been wounded to the death, when he came up to the monster lying lifeless—got upon the body, took off the red gun-cover which he used as a turban from his shaven pate, and cried out—"Now I can die in peace. The death of this 'heisha' (whale), who has baulked us for years, is what I have longed for. At last—it was written that he should die before me," and then the veteran performed a wild wriggling dance on the carcass of the animal.*

Five years ago we had a good day at Arara, killing nine boar. My favourite barb "Snaby" had been severely ripped by a large boar which I had wounded, carrying my lance, before I could extract it, under my horse's barrel, and inflicting a deep gash between the off fore-leg and chest. I had to dismount, and send the poor suffering beast into town. He was very lame for a twelvemonth. I had thought of shooting "Snaby," but he was such a favourite with my family that reprieve was granted. He was the best nag for pig-sticking I ever rode. He was not fast, but thoroughly understood the sport, and would take his rider, without guiding, alongside of the pig at the right moment for attack. He never swerved from a boar; no huntsman knew better where the pig would be likely to break as soon as the shouts of the beaters and horn were heard. "Snaby" would be sure to view the animal before his rider whenever it broke cover.

When desirous of showing a friend sport who had never seen pig-sticking, I mounted him on "Snaby," and my advice was, let the horse take his own direction after the pig, and have his own way when closing with the enemy. If his rider fell, or a hole brought "Snaby" on his head, the nag would get up and stand by, putting his head down, and looking with anxious eyes as if to say, "Get up quickly, the pig is making off." "Snaby" had belonged to "Kaid Meno," the Colonel of the Berber Regiment of Askar, and had often been in action when his master was sent by the Sultan in command of a detachment to "eat up" some rebellious tribe. There were several scars on "Snaby's" dun coat, which in the sun shone like gold. One ball could be felt distinctly in his neck.

The day after "Snaby" had been wounded we let horses and hounds rest, so, shouldering my gun, I took a stroll after partridge and quail. On my return to camp in the afternoon,

* Old Benissir was still alive, and a hundred years old, when I left Tangier in July 1886.

a shepherd reported that on the western slope of Arara hill, his dog had given tongue near a large lentiscus bush, and that he had found the tracks of a big "haloof," which he said must be lying there, not a quarter of a mile from camp. Only seven or eight hunters were in camp, with half-a-dozen dogs. These were soon mustered, as also some riders, who mounted hurriedly, and spear in hand, guided by the shepherd, we made for the lentiscus bush; but before we arrived there the dogs, winding the boar from afar, were baying around the bush. The boar had a hundred yards start, taking a good line downhill towards the sea. The ground was stony, with low bushes, but no thick cover. Hurry, skurry, we pursued the fugitive, who kept us at racing pace over very rough ground. In front of me was H——, whose horse in crossing a gully came down with a crash. Fearing he was hurt I pulled up, but H—— was soon in the saddle again, and we could then see the spears forward at close quarters with the boar, and that he was wounded, for he was charging the horses in all directions.

We were too late to join in the fray, for as we came up the boar entered a small thicket of low cypress and myrtle not far from the sea-shore. It covered a space of about 200 yards square, with open ground on every side. The dogs bayed at the boar, and the riders stood around the thicket down wind, awaiting his exit in the hope that, when rested, he would move; but three-quarters of an hour big with expectation passed, and though the boar frequently charged the dogs to the brink of the thicket, and occasional howls and shrieks told us that mischief was done, he never broke, but after each charge went back to the densest part of the copse. I directed the beaters to halloo with all their might and sound the horn, but in vain. On riding round towards the sea I found two Moors with guns, who had come up from camp, standing near a boar path, in the hope of getting a shot, for when a wounded boar takes to cover where horses cannot penetrate, the regulation against using fire-arms is in abeyance.

Sunset was drawing nigh, and fearing the wounded animal might die in the thicket before next day, I told the hunters to creep in and shoot the boar. The Moor who had a long native gun declined, saying he could not venture, for if the boar charged in the bush, through which he would have to creep on hands and knees, the animal would probably be on him before he could fire; but he volunteered to crawl along

the top of the bushes, if stiff enough to support him (he was a little wiry fellow), and thus perhaps he might get a shot. The other young Moor had a smart-looking double-barrelled gun with percussion-locks, so I challenged him to enter. He replied he was not going to risk his life with such a savage brute still strong in limb. "Hark!" he cried, as a rush, followed by a piteous howl from a hound was heard. "You are a coward," I retorted angrily, "to remain passive whilst our dogs are being killed." "You say that I am a coward," he replied, handing me the gun; "then show that you are not!"

I hesitated, for though I had shot many wounded boar at bay or on the charge, it had always been with my own trusty gun; but feeling I had wronged the Moor by taunting him with cowardice, and that he would have the best of it if I did not take up the glove, I enquired how his gun was loaded. He replied, "with ball." The copper caps looked bright and appeared to have been lately put on, so, kneeling down and keeping the gun before me at full-cock, I crawled in. The bush was too thick to stand up, for if I had squeezed myself into an upright position, my legs would have been at the mercy of the pig, if he charged, which I knew the beast would, if he got a whiff of me or viewed my legs. Moreover I could not have lowered my gun suddenly in the thick bush to take aim.

On I crawled for about twenty-five yards, peering anxiously through the bush. A dog which had been charged came close, and saluted me with his tail and a whimper of satisfaction; then went back to his companions, and no doubt informed them, in dog language, that a man had come to the rescue, for they set up forthwith a chorus of tongue, which again induced the boar to move and engrossed his attention, so, crawling on, I got within ten yards and viewed him. "*Cassant les noisettes*," as French sportsmen say. Blood streamed down his side and his bristles stood on an end.

"On his bow back he hath a battel set
Of bristly pikes that ever met his foes;
His eyes like glowworms shine when he doth fret,
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being roused, he strikes whate'er be on his way,
And when he strikes, his crooked tuskes slay."

I squatted, took deliberate aim behind the right shoulder and pulled the trigger, expecting to see the beast roll over; but

a fizz, a faint report, and the sound of a bullet falling amongst the bushes, sounded like my death-knell; for I knew that the boar would in a few seconds be on me. With faint hope, however, that the second barrel would not also contain a damp charge, I held my gun firm. On came the huge beast, and when within three yards with his head towards me, I aimed at his left shoulder; the explosion was faint, but the beast dropped on his head, then rose, charging on to the muzzle of my gun, which I continued to hold steadily in front, sent it flying over my head, whilst I toppled backwards, and with the force of the blow my legs were thrown straight up into the air, and in that position I had sufficient presence of mind to remain, and could see through my legs the grim monster's head and tusks.

That moment appeared a lifetime, a thousand thoughts flashed through my brain of past life, but the chief one was—My epitaph—"A fool killed by a pig." My last shot had broken the shoulder-joint of the fore-leg, so that the movements of the boar were less active; but on he came, whilst I kept my legs aloft. It is better, I thought, to have my nether limbs ripped than more vital regions. So when his grizzly snout was on me, I brought down with force my right leg, armed with a heavy shooting shoe, like a Nasmyth hammer on his skull, which sent the boar, who had only one sound fore-leg, on his knees; this was followed up by the left leg, and I pummelled his head alternately with each foot as the boar tried to get on me. The right leg I managed to raise rapidly, so that it was not cut; but with the left I was less successful, and it was ripped in three places, as I found afterwards, for at the time I felt no pain. "If no one comes to the rescue," I cried out, "I shall be killed by the 'haloof.'" I had hardly spoken, when suddenly there appeared standing on my left the brave beater "Ahmed Ben Aly," with his hatchet raised in the air about to strike the boar, saying, "La bas," equivalent to "all right."

The boar left me and went at him; the lithe fellow struck the beast with his hatchet whilst he jumped aside. A shot within a few yards followed. It was from the hunter who had kept his promise, having crawled in a wonderful manner along the tops of the bushes close to where we were, and putting his long gun down on the beast, killed it.

I lay prostrate, my legs and breast bespattered with blood from the boar's wounds and my own. Ahmed suddenly laid hold of me and began to take off my nether garments. Angered

at what appeared to me an inexplicable liberty, I used some strong expressions, not the blessings he deserved for saving my life. Upon which Ahmed said, "No time is to be lost: you have blood in front of your clothes, and if the bowels are injured, the wound must be sewn up before the air penetrates. I have needle and silk ready" (carried by hunters to sew the wounds of dogs). I apologized for my rough language, and thanked the brave fellow for saving my life; then readjusting my unmentionables, I said, "the boar has not wounded my body, only my legs, I think," for I still felt no pain, but the blood was trickling down, and I could feel my left shoe was full of it.

Taking a handkerchief and a stick, I made a sort of tourniquet above the knee, and then Ahmed dragged me out of the thicket. I felt faint, night was approaching, there were fifteen miles to ride to Tangier; but I decided it would be better to return to town than to go to camp and next day find my wounds so stiff that I should not be able to ride. Moreover I had sent the day before to Tangier my favourite horse "Snaby," badly ripped, and now I thought if my family hear I am also wounded, they will be greatly alarmed. I requested Ahmed to go to camp and send me a flask of brandy by my groom, and that the latter was to accompany me to town. I told the hunters, who assembled round me with anxious faces, that I was not seriously hurt, but unfit for riding, and begged them to remain for next day's hunt, declining the offer of many friends to accompany me to town.

It was a very dark night, and it took four hours to arrive at Tangier at a fool's pace. I had constant proofs of the malignity of matter, for every branch or twig we passed seemed to take pleasure in knocking against my wounds, causing me much pain.

On arrival at the foot of the stairs of the Legation House, I gave a cheery "view halloo," so that my family might know I had arrived in good spirits. I was carried upstairs, and a surgeon was sent for, who sewed up the wounds. The worst was a stab from a tusk, making a deep hole without ripping the flesh as in the other cuts. For three weeks I lay on my back, though, as the surgeon observed, my flesh was like that of a healthy child, the wound having closed without inflammation.

When the hunters returned, I sent for brave Ahmed Ben Aly, who had saved my life, and gave him a gun and a sword.

J. H. DRUMMOND HAY.

(To be concluded next month.)

A Highland Seer and Scotch Superstitions.



THE Lowlands have always been considered the birthplace and country of the fairy lore of Scotland. Sir Walter Scott and Burns created a world of fairies and warlocks, and invested them with all the interest and mystery which their political imagination could create. The Eildon Hills, the country by Melrose, Moffat and Abbotsford were peopled by spirits, the offspring of Scott's fancy, and Burns bestowed on his part of Scotland a halo of supernatural interest. The Highlands, so far away and beyond the reach of travellers, were an unknown world to the outside, while the warlike savage character of the Highlanders and their internecine feuds caused them to be considered ignorant and incapable of any gifts of imagination or poetry. That this belief should have existed is not surprising. Shut up in their mountain fastnesses; obliged to hold their lands by the right of the strongest; often defeated, sometimes almost exterminated during the wars between the clans, it was difficult to imagine the probability of any development among these brave savages of the softer influences that affected the Lowlands.

And yet, as the country began to be opened up, and the excitement following the Rebellions of 1715 and 1745 subsided, it was discovered that there existed not only the same beliefs and superstitions as in the Lowlands, but also a spirit of poetry and imagination, that was no less full of beauty and music. In the struggle for existence and mastery that took place among the clans, some of the highest mental as well as physical qualities were developed; their power of endurance and the feeling of loyalty and devotion to their Chief being most remarkable. The love and belief of a child for its parent was not more intense than the affection existing between them, and no more touching story in history is told than that of the pains, perils, and tempta-

tions endured by the Highlanders for their adherence to the House of Stuart. The qualities shown to be possessed by these wild people would in a higher state of civilization have produced as great men as any in the history of the world, but limited as were the influences and education they received, it produced only the simple grandeur of their unswerving loyalty to their Chief and King—and the softer side of their nature sought an outlet in the tales of fairies and supernatural beliefs, which were largely stimulated by the romantic nature of the scenery and the gloomy climate of their country. Behind their mountain passes, shrouded among the mists and rain, listening to the voice of Nature in the whistling of the wind, the fury of the tempest, and the roaring of the sullen thunder, the emotional side of their character found a language in the wailing of the pibroch and coronach, and in the intensely pathetic melody of the Gaelic music. Even in their war-songs and gathering-songs, we find the saddest, tenderest, most mournful strains, which run like a silver thread through the whole music of the Highlands.

When the pipers of the clan summoned the clansmen to battle, the echo of their music among the hills fell on the air as a lament for those who would never return—and the same spirit of melancholy pervades all their music from the most ancient to what is comparatively modern, but perhaps expresses more truly than any other, the deepest sorrow the Highlanders have ever experienced, the laments for the great clearances that took place about fifty years ago, and stirred to their inmost depths the hearts and imaginations of the Highlanders. Great tracts of country were depopulated, and the inhabitants sent across the seas, in the interests, as the Highlanders always believed, of their landlords. In the distant Antipodes, in the far-off wilds of Canada where the Highlanders emigrated, and where they have prospered, they still cling with all the passionate devotion of their Celtic natures to the memory of their beloved Highlands; in the wild song and laments of their fatherland they find utterance for feelings of longing and sorrow that can never be eradicated.

The belief in fairies and brownies, or the more playful and fanciful kind of fairy, seems to belong more to the Lowlands of Scotland than the Highlands. The character of the people was softer, and the lighter forms of superstitious belief found a more fitting home there than in the Highlands, where the gloomy and austere character of the people led them to invest

the supernatural inhabitants of their glens and mountains with something more akin to their own darker and sterner natures. Thus the fairies and brownies of the Lowlands take in the North the form of warnings, that come in gruesome guise to foretell misfortune and calamity to the family to whom they belong, and to whom they appear when danger or misfortune threaten their patrons. Every great and powerful family in the North was believed to have a supernatural warning or omen which appeared before the death of any prominent member. It varied in most cases, but each family of a clan generally received the same warning before death as the Chief.

Very striking coincidences, no doubt, have occurred, quite important enough to convince a highly superstitious people of their infallibility. Thus among the Mackenzies the death-candle was always said to appear before the death of any leading member of any branch. A large light appeared at some distance in the sky, sailing slowly till it arrived above the place where the person whose death it predicted lived; when it would slowly disappear in a brilliant coruscation of light. In Tulloch Castle a cold hand was always said to be laid on the face of the person whose death it foretold. In another family a white owl always appeared when any member was going to die, and in another a black dog; while on the west coast of the Highlands an old woman, commonly called the "Gruagach," appeared to foretell the death of some important member of the family to which she specially belonged.

But second-sight, or the faculty of seeing future or present invisible objects, is the supernatural gift most common, and most revered in the Highlands. The gift was possessed by people of both sexes, and the trance during which the power of reading the future existed, came at longer or shorter intervals of greater or lesser intensity. As a rule the gift of second-sight was more largely possessed by women than men, the nervous and impressionable nature of a woman making her a more suitable medium than a man. There are so many well-known instances of witches in Scottish history we need not narrate them here, but up till a very recent date, the belief in witches and their power existed in Scotland. That a very strong belief in prophecy, second-sight, and supernatural powers is a characteristic of the Celtic nature no one can doubt, and no better proof of it is found than that even at this present day, when all Scotland seems given up body and soul to the most material interests,

there are still treasured up in many parts the traditions and sayings of those who were supposed to possess the fatal gift of opening the book of fate. Fatal it was to the possessor; it always brought enmity and misfortune to him, and his sayings were fraught with destruction and disaster to those around him. But the gloomy future, with its mysteries and pain, had a special interest to the deeply imaginative Highlander, who endeavoured there to seek and find an answer to the riddles that perplexed and troubled his unquiet nature.

The most interesting figure in all the Scotch history of prophecy and second-sight is one completely unknown to any save those who, from association or by family tradition, are connected with him. It is the more remarkable, as his sayings and prophecies are the most largely quoted and believed in in the Highlands, and some of them have acquired a position there, which amounts to little less than a religious belief in his supernatural powers.

Kenneth Mackenzie, or, as he is best known, Coinneach Odhar, was beyond all comparison the most remarkable of the Highland seers, and his sayings have been known throughout the Highlands for over one hundred and fifty years. They were well known to Sir Walter Scott, and in Lockhart's 'Life,' some mention is made of them, especially in connection with the great prophecy that stamped Coinneach as the true prophet of his day and country. He was born in the island of Lewis, and was all his life connected closely with the family of the Earls of Seaforth, then the great head of the clan, and one of the most powerful chiefs of the time, and at an early age he settled on the mainland, in a cottage on the banks of Loch Ussie, some short distance from Brahan Castle, the home of his chief. There are various traditions as to his birth and the means by which he became possessed of his gift of second-sight; but the most generally received one is that on one occasion he fell asleep on the hill-side, and on awaking found a small round white stone on his breast, which gave him forthwith the power of prophecy, and saved his life in several miraculous ways from his enemies. He occupied a comparatively humble position, but being a man of some slight education and refinement, was much sought after by the great people who lived in that part of the world, not only for his wonderful knowledge, but for the gentleness and excellence of his life and influence.

Thus he came into personal contact with the wife of Lord

Seaforth, a haughty proud woman of violent and jealous temper, who, however, consulted the seer when occasion arose, and displayed great confidence in him and his counsel. Her confidence proved, however, fatal to the seer. Lord Seaforth had occasion to go to Paris on business, after the Restoration of King Charles II., leaving Lady Seaforth in Scotland, who became at last uneasy, owing to his protracted visit and absence of letters, and in her distress sent messages for Kenneth, bidding him to come at once and give her tidings of her lord. Reluctantly obeying her orders, Kenneth made his appearance at the Castle, where he was instantly summoned into the presence of the great lady, who demanded that he should tell her where Lord Seaforth was. Asking where Lord Seaforth had gone, and saying that he could find him alive or dead, the seer put his white stone to his eye, and assured Lady Seaforth that her lord was well and happy. "But," asked Lady Seaforth, "where is he?" "That is not necessary for your ladyship's knowledge," answered Kenneth. "Be assured he is well." But his assurances only increased the curiosity and anxiety of Lady Seaforth, who from pressure proceeded to use threats, until Kenneth at last said, "Your lord is well and happy, and he is in a fair chamber hung with fine tapestry, and there is a bonnie lady with him, and he is on bended knees before her, with her hand pressed to his lips."

The rage of Lady Seaforth knew no bounds, and that which should have been directed against her faithless husband was poured on the head of the prophet. The disclosure was made in public before many of her friends and the retainers of the family, and enraged at the knowledge of the insults heaped on her being known, she formed the sudden and cruel resolution of destroying the man who had innocently been the cause of her humiliation and disgrace. Turning on him with overpowering passion, reproaching him for defaming and degrading the name of his great Chief, branding him as a liar and slanderer, she declared that there and then she would take the most instant and signal vengeance, and have him put to death by the most ignominious means, that of being burnt as a wizard, for exercising all the black arts he possessed in defaming the most noble and honoured name in the North.

No time was allowed for preparation, no prayers for forgiveness were heard, no opportunity given for intercession, and the seer was led forth to execution. Finding that all hope was gone,

and he was abandoned, Kenneth resigned himself to his fate, and on his way to execution before the vindictive Countess paused, and drawing forth his white stone, uttered the prophecy or doom of the family of Seaforth in these words: "I see into the far future, and I read there the doom of my destroyer. Ere many generations have passed, the line of Seaforth will become extinct in sorrow. I see the last male of his line both deaf and dumb. I see his three fair sons, all of whom he will follow to their grave. He shall sell his gift lands, and no future Seaforth shall rule in Kintail. A black-eyed lassie from the East, with snow on her coif, shall succeed him; she shall kill her sister, and she shall be the last of the Mackenzies of Seaforth. In these days there shall be a daft Lovat and a buck-tooth Chisholm, and they shall be the last direct males of their line. When these things are, Seaforth may know that his sons are doomed to death, and that his broad lands shall pass away to the stranger, and that his race shall be no more."

When Kenneth had uttered this solemn and terrible prophecy, he threw the white stone away from him, and tradition says it fell into a small well close by, from which immediately gushed out a large spring of water, which, spreading, formed the lake at the foot of Knockfarrel called Lake Ussie. From Brahan, Kenneth was dragged by orders of Lady Seaforth, now doubly incensed by his prophecies, to Chanory Point, some twenty miles distant, where he was burnt to death. Lord Seaforth arrived at Brahan, shortly after Kenneth had started on his last journey, and on hearing of what had occurred, rode fast and furiously to Fortrose in the vain hope of averting the doom that was to befall the wretched man; but he arrived only in time to see the expiring embers of the fire which had destroyed his devoted vassal.

Such, briefly, is the history of the man the fulfilment of whose prophecies form some of the most curious chapters in the history of supernatural events in Scotland, and it may be as well, before passing to other prophecies he is said to have made, to trace the fulfilment of the doom of the Seaforths. The Countess of Seaforth, to whom Kenneth owed his death, was the daughter of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbart, and sister of the first Earl of Cromartie, and married Kenneth third Earl of Seaforth, who died in 1678, being succeeded by his son. During the Rebellion of 1715, the Earl of Seaforth took the side of Prince Charles Edward, and was obliged to fly the country, taking refuge in Spain, while the titles and estates were

forfeited to the Crown ; but in 1726 his lands and honours were restored to him, and he lived and died in great honour and wealth. The vicissitudes which attended all powerful Highland families at that time followed the Seaforths, but they continued to prosper, and the ruin which the Rebellion of 1715 brought on many great families was retrieved in their case, and restored possessions and honours preserved the dignity and grandeur of the family. Curiously, on the death of the last Earl of Seaforth without a son, the family possessions passed to his cousin, descended from the Earl of Seaforth and the vindictive Countess, and in his person, or rather, in the person of his brother, the prophecy of Coinneach Odhar was accomplished.

Francis Mackenzie, Lord Seaforth, was a remarkable man in almost all respects. He was possessed of great intellectual capacity, but became, from a bad illness contracted while a boy at school, perfectly deaf, and, as is not uncommon in such cases, towards the end of his life, dumb. He led, in spite of these physical infirmities, a life full of usefulness and activity. He raised a regiment at the end of the great war. He was Governor of Barbados and afterwards of Demerara and Berbice. He was a Lieut.-General in the army, and in 1797 was created Baron Seaforth of Kintail. There were, however, circumstances in his life which must often have made him feel ill at ease. He married happily and well, and was blessed with three fine sons and six daughters, and round him on either side he saw his neighbours, the two great contemporary chiefs of the day, with the physical peculiarities denoted by Coinneach Odhar. However the fatal truth was forced on him and on all those who remembered the family prophecy, by the lamentable events that filled his house with sorrow. One after another his three sons died. The last, the eldest, who was the most distinguished of all, was cut off in a youth time of great promise.

The stricken father, after waiting in vain to hear that a respite was given, and that his dearly loved son's life was to be spared, died in 1815, the last male of his race ; and the great Seaforth estates were inherited by his daughter, Lady Hood, who just before her father's death, had become a widow, her husband, Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, dying in India ; so that she returned from India in her widow's weeds to take possession of her inheritance. She was thus literally a white-hooded lassie (that is, a young woman in widow's weeds) from the East. Lady Hood married some years later Mr. Stewart, a grandson of the Earl of

Galloway, and lived in happiness and prosperity on her vast estates. After many years of prosperity, a frightful calamity overtook Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie. One day, driving her sister in a pony carriage, the ponies took fright, and started off at a furious pace down a steep and precipitous road. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie was quite unable to stop them, and she and her sister were thrown out of the carriage. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie recovered from her accident, but her sister, after lingering for some days, died. As Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie was driving at the time of the accident, she may, not inaccurately, be described as causing her sister's death, thus fulfilling this portion of Coinneach's prophecy.

In this remarkable history of family prophecy, it is curious to notice that the prophecy was not discovered or developed contemporaneously or after the events. It had been current and believed in, in the Highlands for generations, and the gradual fulfilment of the doom of the Seaforths was watched with sorrow and sympathy for more than half a century. One curious instance of how firmly rooted the belief in the prophecy was, occurred in 1812, when Lord Seaforth, in consequence of the mismanagement of his large West India estates, found himself in such difficulties that he was constrained to sell some of his property on the west coast of Ross-shire, the lands of Kintail—the "gift lands," as they were best known, or the oldest possession of the family. They had been granted to the common ancestor of the Mackenzies, Colin Fitzgerald, one of the Geraldine family in Ireland,—an outlaw, tradition asserts, who had taken refuge on the shores of Loch Duich in Kintail,—in recognition of his having saved the life of the King, Alexander III., out hunting. The King gave him as reward a tract of land in the form of a stag's head, and those lands were commonly known as the gift lands of the Seaforth. So firmly was the prophecy believed in, that when the tenants on the Kintail lands heard of the necessities of their Chief, they subscribed a sum of over £3000 among themselves and sent it to Lord Seaforth, in the vain hope that it might lighten his temporary embarrassment and avert the evil days that were upon them. Another evidence of the antiquity of the prophecy is found in the fact that there are letters in existence from the Countess of Seaforth in 1722 to her sister, Lady Arundel of Wardour, mentioning the story and commenting on it.

Thus we have two distinct proofs of the existence of the

prophecy fifty years before the Seaforth in whose person it was fulfilled was born. Lockhart, in his 'Life of Scott,' says, "Mr. Morritt can testify thus far, that he heard the prophecy quoted in the Highlands at a time when Lord Seaforth had two sons alive and in good health, and that it was certainly not made after the event;" and Sir Walter Scott, in writing to Mr. Morritt, says, "Our friend, Lady Hood, will now be Caberfeigh herself. I do fear the accomplishment of the prophecy that when there should be a deaf Caberfeigh the house is to fall." And the touching stanzas in which Sir W. Scott laments the extinction of the family contain no more touching words than those in which he alludes to the dramatic tragedies that clouded the last days of the old Chief's life.

"Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,
All a father could hope, all a friend could approve.
What 'vails if the tale of thy sorrows to tell
In the spring time of youth and of promise they fell?
Of the line of MacKenneth remains not a male
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail."

The prophecy has come true in its fullest and saddest sense, for of the vast possessions of the Earls of Seaforth, but the smallest portion belongs now to the representative of this once great and powerful family. I have narrated the Seaforth prophecy perhaps at undue length, but it is difficult to curtail it, as it is one the most remarkable and best known of all. There are many prophecies relating to other families in the North which are very curious, but none so detailed. The buck-toothed (*i.e.* double row of teeth) Chisholm, the stammering Gairloch, the daft Grant, and the harelipped Laird of Raasay, were well-known sayings of Coinneach's, and curiously the representatives of these four families were marked by the above-mentioned personal peculiarities at the same time as the deaf and dumb Seaforth.

There are many of Coinneach's prophecies which, though devoid of the personal interest attaching to the Seaforth ones, are none the less interesting. One well known is that referring to the opening of railways. He says, "the day will come when long black carriages without horses will go through the country and cross the stance (or market-place) of the Muir of Ord," and now the Highland Railway crosses the particular spot indicated. Another relating to the opening up of the Highlands is, "that

the country will be crossed from sea to sea by white bands," evidently alluding to the magnificent roads made through the North after the battle of Culloden by General Wade and his army while garrisoned in the country. A curious coincidence was related to me by a lady who, soon after her marriage, made an expedition into Kintail to see the country. She was an Englishwoman, and had never heard of Coinneach and his prophecies, and one day was taken to the summit of one of the highest hills in Lochalsh by one of the MacRaes, a family of great antiquity in Ross-shire, and one of the subject clans of the Mackenzies. On arriving at the top she was struck by the curious effect on the scenery of the great roads which intersected the country on all sides, and exclaimed to her companion, "Oh, Captain MacRae, the country looks as if it were covered by white bands of ribbon!" To her surprise the old man reverently took off his hat, saying softly, "Eh, my dear, but those are the very words that Coinneach Odhar himself said over a hundred years ago." There is a small well-wooded hill close to Inverness called Tomnahurich, and a prophecy relating to it is worth mentioning. "The day will come when Tomnahurich will be kept under lock and key, and large ships shall sail round or under its shadow." Some years ago the Inverness people made a cemetery on Tomnahurich with two picturesque gates which are opened to admit visitors, and more remarkable still is the fact that the Caledonian Canal now runs below the hill, so that Coinneach's double prophecy has been fulfilled.

We may perhaps allow that some of these prophecies were not due so much to supernatural knowledge on Coinneach's part, as to the conviction that a man of some intelligence and education could not help having, that a hundred years must bring very important changes into his country; but explain them as we may, they are none the less very curious coincidences. One other of Coinneach's prophecies will suffice. He says: "The estate of Fairburn shall be sold three times, and the second time it shall be bought back by the Seaforth, but before they buy it a cow shall calve in the highest room in the Tower of Fairburn." The estate of Fairburn was one of the oldest possessions of the Seaforths, but was given to a younger son as a "wadset," or portion. For many years it continued in the possession of the Mackenzies of Fairburn, who at last sold it to a family in whose possession it remained a very short time, and it again came into the market, when it was

bought by the Hon. Mrs. Stewart MacKenzie of Seaforth, the representative of the Seaforth family. The old castle of Fairburn had fallen out of repair, having been uninhabited for a good many years, and it was practically in ruins. It was necessary, however, for its safety to do some repairs, and workmen were engaged on it, when a cow contrived to ascend to the very top of the tower by means of planks which had been placed to enable the workmen to ascend. She was so near her time for calving, and the room into which she had climbed was so large, that it was decided to let her remain, and she there gave birth to a calf. I remember an old woman who lived by the Tower, and who was over eighty years of age, telling me of her knowledge of the prophecy long before the event happened. On one occasion, while living near Inverness, Coinneach crossed over what is now known as the battle-field of Culloden. He is said to have exclaimed, "Oh, Drumrossie, thy bleak moor shall ere many generations have passed away be bathed with the blood of the best and noblest in the Highlands! Glad am I that God will spare me the sight of that day, for it will be a terrible one. The proudest heads will fall, and no mercy will be shown or quarter given on either side." How true his words proved we know who read the history of the last battle fought on Scottish soil.

It will be observed how entirely Coinneach's prophecies were of a mournful nature. He possessed the power apparently of only reading a sad and disastrous future to those he cared for, and to whom he belonged. His Celtic nature partook largely of the element of sadness and melancholy which is so strong a characteristic of his race, and his own tragic doom may unconsciously have influenced and saddened him. In none of his sayings or prophecies do we find anything that is joyous or pleasant, they all speak of doom and disaster. There is only one in which we discern a small tinge of humour, and we give it as the last. He says in one of his songs, "The day will come when the Lewis men shall go forth with their hosts to battle, but they will be turned by the jawbone of an animal smaller than an ass." This prediction sounds ridiculous and incomprehensible to the last degree, yet it was fulfilled in a natural and very simple manner. Lord Seaforth and the leading men of the clan went "out" in 1715 and 1719, and had their estates forfeited, and only a few years before 1745 their lands and honours were restored to Lord Seaforth and to MacKenzie,

eleventh Baron of Hilton. The Rev. Colin MacKenzie, Minister of Fodderty and Laird of Glack, was the first in the neighbourhood to receive news of the landing of Prince Charles Edward in 1745. Lord Seaforth had still the warmest feelings of attachment to the Prince, which were shared by the Minister who, though at heart a thorough Jacobite, was a great personal friend of President Forbes. He had been persuaded through this influence to remain neutral, and fearing that his friend Seaforth on hearing the news might be induced to join the Prince, he started at once for Brahan Castle. Although late at night, he crossed the hill of Knockfarrel, entered Seaforth's bedroom by the window—for he had already gone to bed for the night—and informed him of the Prince's landing. They decided on getting out of the way, and both immediately disappeared. Seaforth was known to have been in regular correspondence with the Prince, and to have sent private orders to the Lewis to have his men there in readiness, and his friend impressed on him the necessity of getting out of sight altogether for the time. They started through the mountains in the direction of Poolewe, and some days after, when in concealment near the shore, they saw two ships entering the bay having on board a large number of armed men, whom they at once recognised as Seaforth's followers from the Lewis, commanded by Captain Colin MacKenzie. Lord Seaforth had just finished his dinner of a sheep's head when he espied his retainers, and approaching the ships with the sheep's jawbone in his hand, he waved it towards them, and ordered them to return to their homes at Stornoway at once, which command they obeyed. Thus Coinneach's apparently ludicrous prophecy was fulfilled, that the brave Lewis men would be turned back from battle by the jaw-bone of an animal smaller than an ass.

There are many of Coinneach's prophecies still unfulfilled, and many so improbable that they are hardly worth mentioning. For they are all in the same strain, breathing trouble and misfortune. The majority refer to bloody battles which are to be fought between the clans who in Coinneach's time were at variance. There is one "that the ravens shall stand on the three large stones at the south end of the Muir of Ord and drink of the blood of the Mackenzies and Macdonalds, which shall flow long and deep," and there are similar prophecies regarding places in Sutherlandshire and the Lewis. With regard to the stone which Coinneach wore, and which gave him

the gift of prophecy, there are several different versions of its fate and future. The popularly received tradition is that it lies at the bottom of Loch Ussie, and will remain there until the man is born on whom the mantle of the prophet shall descend, when the wonderful power possessed by Coinneach will be bestowed on him. The future prophet will be distinguished by several physical peculiarities indicated by Coinneach, and he will find the magic stone in the inside of a pike some day while fishing in Lake Ussie. It is asserted that a man possessing the distinctive peculiarities indicated by the prophet did appear some years ago, being born near the spot, but the stone has never been found.

Here we will say farewell to Coinneach. He stands a curiously weird figure in the history of the Highlands. Full of imagination and poetry, he lived at a time when the events which brought about the Rebellion were beginning to make themselves felt, and to a man of his thoughtful and romantic temperament, an instinctive conviction may have made him regard with prophetic sadness the fate which he saw impending over his country and his Chief.

Some of the quaintest and most long-lived of Scotch superstitions are those which pertain to Hallowe'en, when all the lads and lassies, and even the older people, congregated at the shrine of some wise woman to learn what Fate had in store for them during the year. The most important questions generally appertained to affairs of the heart, and the oracle was consulted with great seriousness, and delivered her utterances with terrible solemnity. Cutting an apple in two before a looking-glass, and watching with anxiety and fear to see whose face peered over your shoulder; throwing a ball of thread out of the window with the question "Who holds," and sowing any kind of seed in a dark corner of the garden, while repeating the rhyme—

"Hempseed I sew thee,
My true love to know thee.
Let he who is to marry me
Come after me and harrow this,—"

may sound somewhat trivial questions to us; but when we realize that the alternative likeness or voice to that of the wished-for lover was his Satanic Majesty, it is not difficult to understand the terror with which nervous and anxious young women regarded the ordeal. The important part

of the evening's entertainment was, however, telling fortunes by reading the future in the shapes which the white of eggs assumed on being poured into a tumbler of water. The person gifted with the power of prophecy held the tumbler, while the person whose fortune was to be told placed her or his hand over the glass, and from the fantastic forms in the water, the whole book of life was read. Very solemn in the firelight were the faces of the listeners as the old wife foretold joy or sorrow, prosperity or misfortune, and the most profound belief was accorded to her words. There was an old woman who only died ten years ago, living near Strathpeffer in Ross-shire, who was supposed to possess this special power of divination, and people flocked from all parts of the country on Hallowe'en to consult her. I remember on one occasion taking some English people who were curious in the matter to see her, and we had to come away with our curiosity ungratified, as the old woman had such a levee of people waiting for her to solve the riddle of their lives, she had no time to undertake it for our party. She is now dead, and on no one has the prophet's mantle fallen.

It was very curious in all these minor superstitions and beliefs how very important a part was played by the devil. He was always supposed to be the influence that marred some promising horoscope, and the fairies or smaller supernatural folk all gave way to the greater power of mischief and evil, and for the night of Hallowe'en Satan was given unlimited licence to try his arts against those of Providence and Love. One other Highland superstition of Hallowe'en bears the impress of the romance and melancholy so characteristic of the Highland character, and is practised only in very remote parts of the country. The person who intends tempting the spirits of darkness must steal out unobserved to a field whose furrows lie due north and south, and entering at the western side must proceed slowly over eleven ridges, and stand in the centre of the twelfth, when they will hear either sobs or mournful shrieks, which predict speedy death, or the sounds of merriment and music, which foretell their marriage. This experiment was not a popular one, and seldom tried, for tradition told of girls, who had gone out alone to test it, and had returned deprived of their reason.

The belief in the Church having power to counteract the evil intentions of spirits, was not one that had much influence in the Highlands, and there are but few instances of such a faith. A

Free Kirk minister in the Lewis, Mr. MacRae, had, however, a curious story, which he often narrated, of the manner in which the depredations which were committed in the Lewis in very early times were stopped by a priest, who went alone and confronted the great golden-haired Princess from over the seas, half woman and half witch, who was devastating the country. She came from no one knew where, more beautiful and glorious than the day, with golden hair which covered her from head to foot like a great mantle. A great host came with her, and they laid waste the country, and no power could stand before her. After every man who attempted to stand against her had been killed, the inhabitants appealed to the man of God to see what godly help could do, as all human efforts were exhausted. Making a tryst to meet the enchantress on a high cliff above the ocean on the wild coast of the island, he attempted to induce her to leave the country she had laid waste, but his entreaties were unavailing. Scornfully she told him she would never leave the Lewis while there was a man, woman or child left to destroy. Seeing how useless were his attempts to persuade her to leave, the wily priest contrived to engage her in a fierce and angry controversy, she receding to the edge of the cliff, and he following her. Expostulating and entreating, the progress continued, till the Princess found too late she had been driven on to a narrow point of the cliff, some hundred feet above the sea, from which there was no escape. Mad with passion, she hurled herself on the priest, intending to kill him with the spear she held in her hand—but the holy man upheld the sign of the cross, and the wicked enchantress, with a shriek which echoed through the island, fell backwards over the rocks into the boiling waters at the foot of the cliff, and her hosts had disappeared before the holy deliverer of the island had returned to convey the joyful tidings to his people.

Another story of the power of the Church over spirits is told in Lochaber. The burial-ground of Cillechoireal or St. Cyril is on a beautiful hill-top on the mountain-side—the very ideal of a peaceful resting-place. The Bard of Keppoch and the mighty huntsman MacDonald sleep there. But there was a time when the whole country was disturbed night after night by the shoutings of supernatural combatants, those who in life had been foes, rising under the curtain of night to renew their feuds and fight their battles over again, and the clashing of battle-axes and claymores was heard far and wide.

The groans of the wounded, the cries of the vanquished, and the wild fiendish laughter of the victors made the strongest hearts quake, while the fearful were nearly dead with terror. This state of matters continued for some time, but at last on one dark stormy night matters came to a crisis. Women shrieked in terror, while strong men prayed and crossed themselves.

“The wind blew as ’twad blaw its last,
The rattlin’ showers rose on the blast,
The speedy gloom the darkness swallowed,
Loud, deep and lang the thunder bellowed.”

But over and above the noise of the raging elements rang the cries of the hellish legion and their demoniacal warfare. Some thought the cause of this tumult was because a Protestant had been buried there, and the sanctity of the consecrated ground thus outraged, and appealed to the minister of Kilmonivaig to see if he would not remove the body. The minister with great caution replied that he thought it would be a pity to remove a brave man who was evidently holding his own against such a host, and refused to interfere in the matter. It then occurred to the people to get the ground reconsecrated, and on this terrible night one man strong in faith volunteered to go and fetch the priest. And his courage was duly rewarded, for he arrived safely at the priest’s house and told his tale. The priest, who was a very devout man, set out at once for the scene of the dreadful *mêlée*. In crossing the river Spean the man carried the priest on his back, and when they reached the further shore he took off one of his shoes, and filling it with water, consecrated it, and after many prayers set off alone to the burying-ground, leaving the messenger in a state of terror on the river bank. In that dark and lonely hour of night the priest entered the scene of unholy warfare and reconsecrated the ground, amidst the disappointed yells of the vanquished spectres, and from that day peace and silence reign in Cillechoireal, and “there at peace the ashes rest of those who once were foes.”

The belief in witches and witchcraft seems now to have died away in the Highlands. In the very remote districts occasionally we hear of isolated cases of people being bewitched, or of old women who still possess the power of casting evil spells over those who displease them, but they are very rare. It may not, however, be uninteresting to mention a circumstance which came under my own observation in Loch Broom in the year 1858. We

were living in a small farmhouse in the autumn of that year on the loch side, and an old woman who lived in a broken-down ruined cottage near us, had the unenviable reputation of being a witch. She was one of the most hideous old hags I ever beheld, and though apparently harmless, was most vindictive. She conceived a violent dislike to the cook, with whom she quarrelled, and vowed she would revenge herself on her for some fancied insult. One day we were met by faces of great consternation, and told that the old woman had bewitched the cows and they would give no milk. There was no possibility of procuring milk elsewhere, and as the difficulties of feeding a number of small children under these circumstances were so great, it was considered best to appease the witch. Some conciliatory measures were adopted, and the old woman promised to repair the mischief she had done. The cows were accordingly brought into the byre from the hill-side, and the hag, with a large black bottle containing some mysterious fluid she had prepared, a bag of simples, and her stool, was shut in with them. I well remember being allowed to peep in at the window, to see her sitting on her stool behind the cows, rocking herself backwards and forwards, and crooning some weird song ; but it was only a glimpse, for every one was enjoined to keep far away and leave her in peace. At the end of about half an hour she appeared, assuring us that the spell was removed, and that the cows would soon be all right, which they undoubtedly were, for in the course of an hour or two they gave readily, and abundantly, the supply of milk needed. The servants and neighbours believed devoutly, that some supernatural agency was invoked, and that the old hag was the medium. But there was a sceptical piper who always avowed his firm belief that the want of milk on that particular morning was due to a much more simple cause, and that had the cows been watched while feeding on the hill-side, a more substantial fairy, in the form of the old woman's daughter, might have been seen milking them. His theory was the only doubt I ever heard cast, however, on what was considered then and since one of the most remarkable instances of witchcraft. It is impossible in an article of this length to give more than an outline of what were some of the prominent instances of a belief in second-sight and prophecy in the Highlands ; but those who are interested in the subject will find a great amount of curious information in a book written by Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, published in Inverness. It is

entitled the 'Brahan Seer,' but it deals more largely with matters relating to the superstitions of the Highlands, and there is little more relating to Coinneach and his times than what is told here.

It is curious to contrast the devout belief in all supernatural things of the Highlanders of the past, with the scepticism of those of to-day. Education has more than done its work in Scotland, if sweeping away the darkness and ignorance, which made an imaginative people fly to some supernatural cause for an explanation of the mysteries and perplexities of life has been its aim. No more remarkable phenomenon exists now than the complete change that has come over the Highland character during the last fifty years. The blind devotion to their King and Chief, which made no task too impossible, no sacrifice too great, no longer exists. The old families have died away, the old territorial possessions and names have disappeared, and we have in their place new races of lairds and tenants. The causes are not far to seek. The Rebellions of 1715 and 1745 had well-nigh exhausted the resources of the country, and it longed to be at peace. The last representative of the royal family of Scotland was a *fainéant*, and unworthy of the blood spilt for him, and the English Government, wisely in the end, but cruelly at the time, determined to stamp out all feelings of nationality that were still left. And it succeeded; for as the country got opened up, and southern influences were brought to bear on the Highlanders, they accepted their conditions of life, and turned their energies in other directions. The great clearances for deer forests and sheep farms, and the emigration which that, and the failure of food necessitated, broke the last link in the feudal chain, and to the Highlanders their chief became only their landlord, and ceased to be their father and friend. The Highlanders are wealthier, more prosperous, and perhaps more contented; but the spirit of poetry is dead, and all that gave romance to Scottish life is gone with it, and no sadder evidence that such is the case exists, than the sight of the ruined sheilings on the lonely hill-side which tell of the fulfilment of Coinneach's prophecy, that "the day will come when the big sheep and deer will overrun the country till they shall strike the Northern Sea."

MARY JEUNE.

The Spirit Photograph.



CHAPTER I.

"THIS will do," said Mansell; "let us change here."

He and his companions halted.

Where they now stood the track had widened suddenly ; a few paces further on, it abruptly narrowed again. On their left was a wall of frozen snow ; on their right a yawning precipice ; beneath their feet, an uneven path of ice. It was a somewhat dangerous situation, and the foremost of the party, a trusted Swiss guide, showed signs of uneasiness.

This was Mansell's first experience of the Himalayas, but he was a practised Alpine climber, and his former training stood him in good stead. It was he who first saw the advisability of making a change in their order of progression.

"You go in front," he said to a native who accompanied them, and who had frequently acted as guide to similar expeditions; "I will bring up the rear."

This arrangement had already been agreed to by the remaining members of the party, two athletic young Englishmen, evidently brothers. The elder was a Captain in the army, who had for some time past been engaged in making explorations in the Himalayas with the aid of a few natives. The majority of these were timorous, and useful only as guides over the mountain passes; but the man who was now appointed leader had ascended to considerable heights with more than one adventurous explorer, and was said to know every inch of the ground which they were then traversing.

The party soon moved on with renewed confidence, the Swiss guide, however, still manifesting dissatisfaction, and questioning whether they had been conducted by the easiest road. He came next in order to the native guide; behind him were the brothers; Mansell came last. All were roped together.

"Confound that fellow Wilhelm!" muttered Mansell. "If he gets in a panic he may slip and give us trouble."

"I can't think what's the matter with him," said the younger of the brothers. "Dick imported him from Switzerland on purpose for this sort of work, and he's never played the fool before. He seems to think our brown friend has mistaken the way, but that's not likely. He was up here with Fitzmaurice a short time ago."

"There's a stiff bit coming," observed the Captain.

"Pretty well," said Mansell cheerfully, "but I have done far worse. I dare say Wilhelm will settle down all right now that he has got mischief in front of him and can see that he is up to no tricks. He hates a native as I do a black beetle. He said this specimen had a shifty eye, but so they all have, the rascals, and one must take some one that knows the ground."

Their way now grew steeper and more difficult, and conversation ceased. For a time, however, all went well.

Suddenly Mansell, who had continually glanced ahead anxiously whenever he could safely take his eyes off the slippery path, was possessed by a fear which he dared not communicate to his companions. It was doubtless aroused by his detecting a suspicious movement on the part of the leader.

"We shall be over the worst of this bit in a minute," he said to himself by way of consolation; "and then I'll either go in front myself, or we'll consider if it's wise to go further." So saying, he drew a sharp knife from his belt and placed it between his teeth. He scarcely knew what he intended to do with it in an emergency; for an instant he thought of passing it on to the Captain, who was unprovided in that respect, thus giving him the means of separating himself and his companions from the guides, in case some accident or treachery should endanger the lives of the whole party. In the face of great peril all kinds of suspicions pass rapidly through the mind, and are, perhaps, as readily rejected. It even occurred to Mansell that the two guides might be in league against them, the Swiss guide's nervousness being merely assumed for the occasion. Again, he reflected that he was probably alarming himself unreasonably, and he once more observed with satisfaction that the most difficult portion of the narrow ice path was almost passed.

A moment later the Swiss guide slipped, recovered himself, slipped again with a terrible cry, and fell backwards. It was

evident to Mansell that his worst fears were realised. The leader had cut the rope!

With a full recognition of the horror of his position, Mansell's thoughts darted with the swiftness of a lightning-flash to his wife and child in England; then he cried to his companions to stand firm. He even began to call to the man next him to cut the rope in front of him, so as to leave them linked only in couples. He might be able to save one of his friends, though he knew he was powerless to support three men.

It was too late. The brothers had lost their presence of mind, but it would have availed them little at this crisis. Wilhelm had fallen against the Captain, and Mansell saw that all three were falling back upon himself. He knew that he was powerless to resist their weight, and believed that, whether bound to him or not, they must inevitably hurl him down the yawning abyss. One only chance remained to him of saving his own life, and that was indeed a slender one. With a rapid, desperate effort he severed the rope.

Some hours later the native guide returned to the encampment which the party had started from in the morning, bearing the news of a terrible accident. According to him, his own life had been preserved by a miracle. The Swiss guide had slipped on the ice, whereupon the rope had broken between them, and all the party except himself had been hurled down the precipice and killed instantly.

Having imparted this information, he disappeared, perhaps because he found himself regarded with manifest distrust.

The utmost horror was excited by his report, and an expedition was organized to discover the bodies of the unfortunate men who had met with so dreadful a fate. The two brothers and the Swiss guide were subsequently found dead at the foot of the gorge, there being neither money nor watches left upon the bodies. Mansell was searched for in vain, but doubtless his body had been cast into some inaccessible cleft or crevice.

CHAPTER II.

Fanny Mansell resided in a pretty red-brick house, surrounded by green lawns and shady trees, within five miles of the manufacturing town of Druffield. Her husband had, on his marriage, supplied his father's place in the celebrated firm of Mansell and Haddon at Druffield; but, being unaccustomed to confinement

in an office in a large town, his health after a time began to suffer, and his medical attendant advised change of air and scene. Mansell had been about to send a representative of the firm to visit a branch House in India. This task he now determined to take upon himself. The whole trip need occupy but three months, and the sea voyage might be expected to benefit him permanently.

Fanny offered no opposition to the plan, but consented to remain at home with their little daughter, Muriel.

The journey was performed in safety, the object of Mansell's visit to India was accomplished, and he was about to start on his homeward voyage, when he fell in with an old friend who was on his way to join a brother then engaged in making explorations in the Himalayas. Mansell's love of mountain climbing returned so strongly on receiving this intelligence, that he was easily induced to form one of the party. The brothers, wishing to attempt a higher ascent than any they had yet accomplished, were glad enough to have the aid of an experienced Alpine climber.

The disastrous result of the expedition was a fearful blow to Fanny. She had few friends to look to for help and comfort. Fortunately she was rich enough to continue to live in the red-brick house, and the first shock over, she found some solace in devoting herself to the care of her child.

A few months later an event came to pass which brought fresh interests and occupations into her life. Lord Undercroft returned from a long course of foreign travel and took up his abode at Undercroft Manor; a fine old mansion standing in a large park, the principal gates of which were within a stone's throw of the red-brick house. He was not only a polished man of the world, but he was also something of an artist and an amateur photographer. Moreover, he was rich, good-looking, and unmarried. Soon after his arrival at Undercroft he learnt the tragic story of Mansell's death, and shared in the general sympathy felt for Fanny in her sorrow. One day he caught a glimpse of the pretty gables of the red-brick house, and seized with a happy inspiration, requested that he might be permitted to photograph the house and grounds. Needless to say, the permission was at once accorded him.

In our sunless climate, the accomplishment of this feat necessitated several visits. Fanny felt bound to offer luncheon to the enthusiastic photographer. He, on his part, could do no

less than show her the pictures when they were finished, and request that she and little Muriel would avail themselves of the extensive grounds at Undercroft whenever they were so disposed. Thus an intimacy speedily sprang up between them. Fanny also invested in a camera. A small out-house adjoining the conservatory was turned into a dark room, and Lord Undercroft gave her lessons in the art of photography.

Yet Fanny was never left alone without her past happiness rising again before her, causing her to realize anew how great had been her loss. She recalled her husband's bright, handsome face, and tall, manly form. She loved to trace some resemblance to him in the little Muriel. She constantly regretted that she possessed no portrait of him with which to refresh her memory. Never had she succeeded in prevailing upon him to have his likeness taken. In reply to her entreaties he would tell her laughingly that he had once been photographed when a boy, but that the performance was too similar to a visit to the dentist to be repeated. So even that small consolation was denied to her.

One morning she and Lord Undercroft were seated in her pretty little drawing-room, looking at some so-called spirit photographs which he had brought for her inspection. They had been sent to him by a believer in Spiritualism who was eager for his conversion.

"Who took them?" demanded Fanny, with much curiosity.

"An ardent spiritualist who finds the trade lucrative," replied Lord Undercroft. "His theory is that we are constantly surrounded by spirits, invisible to the naked eye, yet sufficiently substantial to affect the highly sensitised photographic plate. The photographer, presumably, is a medium, whose influence brings the shadowy visitant at the right moment. The bereaved sitter then sees in the completed picture the spirit whose presence he was unconscious of when the likeness was being taken, and sometimes even recognises the face as that of a deceased relation or friend."

"You don't believe in them, do you?" asked Fanny.

"No more than I do in flying pigs," he replied with a light laugh. "I dare say they are easy enough to manufacture. We will have a try one day if you like. I have often obtained very funny results by taking two pictures one over the other on the same plate."

"But you say that the sitters sometimes recognize the spirit as that of a dead relative," said Fanny, taking up the photograph

of a sad-looking man seated in an armchair over the back of which leaned a white form. "One cannot see much of this spirit's face at any rate."

"No ; I suspect the sitter makes up his mind that he is going to see the shade of some particular defunct individual, and then he recognizes the apparition, no matter whether it is recognizable or not. However, it may be possible to produce even the required resemblance in the spirit by making use of a likeness of the deceased person. I am not experienced enough to judge. I suppose you have not taken the house for me yet ? You would have light enough this afternoon. But mind, this attempt is to be made all by yourself."

"I must wait till you are gone, then, or you will not be able to refrain from giving me hints," replied Fanny.

She was still young and pretty, and mourning suited her well. Lord Undercroft had noticed this very often of late.

"Poor old red-brick house !" she continued with a sigh. "It is not such a bright, happy place as it used to be."

"It is lonely for you," said Lord Undercroft sympathetically.

He had risen to bid her farewell, and had already taken her hand in his. "There is another house waiting to welcome you," he went on tremulously. "If I only dared hope——"

"Oh no !" cried Fanny in alarm. And then there came a great temptation. The red-brick house had indeed been lonely ; Lord Undercroft's society had been very pleasant. If she refused him, their intimacy must be interrupted. She and Muriel could no longer wander at will in the lovely grounds of Undercroft ; there would be an end to her photography lessons ; the old dreary existence must again be hers.

"Is that your answer ?" asked Lord Undercroft, almost reproachfully. "There is love and happiness waiting for you, if you would but tell me——"

"Not now, not now !" cried Fanny despairingly. "Come again to-morrow. I will tell you then."

CHAPTER III.

When Lord Undercroft was gone, Fanny felt frightened and miserable. She feared she had done very wrong in encouraging his visits in the first instance. This catastrophe had been quite unexpected. Then it occurred to her that in telling him to come again on the morrow to receive her answer, she had unintentionally

led him to believe that she meant to accept him. But, strong as she had been the momentary temptation to do so, impossible as she had found it to pronounce a definite refusal, much as she dreaded the blank in her life which would be occasioned by the loss of his friendship, she no sooner had leisure for reflection than she felt that her love for her husband was as great as ever, and that no one could supply his place. At any cost, Lord Undercroft's offer must be refused. She bitterly repented her weakness in delaying the evil moment. That afternoon she would write him a note, telling him that his hopes were vain.

At luncheon Fanny roused herself to listen to Muriel's chatter. Then she sent the child out with her nurse, and determined to try and banish her wretchedness for an hour or two by devoting herself to photography while the sun was still bright. Before writing her note she would take the picture of the house which she had promised to Lord Undercroft. He might decline to accept it now; nevertheless, she would fulfil her promise.

So she went through the conservatory into the little out-house that served her for a dark room, closed the door, and drew a red curtain over it to keep out every crack of light. The only remaining light in the place came through a red blind fastened over the little window.

"I must have a bolt put on this door," she said to herself, remembering that on the previous day Saunders, the manservant, had come in to announce a visitor while she was engaged in developing a photograph, which, as she had informed him, was consequently completely spoilt. Then she recalled the events of the morning, and her heart misgave her. Perhaps she would never care to take another picture.

Having inserted two plates in her dark slide and armed herself with all the necessary paraphernalia for her task, she once more passed through the conservatory, where she saw Saunders pulling up the blind of one of the drawing-room windows.

"Saunders!" she said, "I am going into the garden to take a photograph, and then I shall finish it in my dark room. Mind you don't come in this time while I am there. If you want anything, call through the door."

"Very good, Mum," said Saunders respectfully.

Saunders had been in the service of Mansell's father and was loyally devoted to the family. He had ideas of his own concerning Lord Undercroft's frequent visits to his young mistress, and nourished an antagonistic feeling towards the camera.

Fanny proceeded to the garden, and placed the offending apparatus on the lawn in front of the house. As she stood facing the old gabled building, the sun was behind her, but a little to her right; close to her, on her left, was a thick clump of rhododendrons. She gave her whole attention to her work, quite as much for the purpose of driving away melancholy thoughts as of taking a creditable photograph unaided. Having mounted the camera on the stand, and having gone through the process of focussing, she carefully pushed in the dark slide.

"Now," she thought, "I must be very careful to give the right exposure. I should think two seconds would be enough, as the sun is so strong."

She drew forth her watch, which marked the seconds, and took her picture. That done, she debated whether, after all, the exposure had been sufficient. She had one more plate with her. Perhaps it would be wiser to take the same view once more, allowing three seconds instead of two. Thereupon she drew out the dark slide, reversed it and replaced it. She now turned round to note the position of the sun, and stood between the camera and the rhododendron bush, this time with her back to the house. She then again consulted her watch, and reaching out her left hand, she removed the cap without looking at it. Having counted fully three seconds, she put on the cap, replaced her watch, and removed the dark slide from the camera.

"One of these pictures ought to be successful, at any rate," she said to herself, as she gathered her things together and returned to the out-house to develop the negative.

The first plate proved to be a trifle under-exposed. Her hopes were now centred on the second plate. She put it in the tray, poured the solution over it, and watched the result with considerable anxiety. Lord Undercroft and his offer were, for the time being, completely forgotten.

Gradually the plate darkened. The outline of the house became distinguishable. But what was this dark patch appearing in the centre of the house and in the foreground? Could the plate have been fogged? She had taken great pains to pour the solution over it evenly, and the edges of the picture were clear and well defined. She felt disappointed at her failure, after all her care. So long as the plate was in the solution, it was not easy to ascertain what had happened to it; but when she took it out, she dipped it in water and then held it up so that the red light from the window shone through it.

Great Heavens! What was this?

For an instant Fanny stood motionless as a statue, staring at the negative. The blood in her veins seemed turned to ice; her breath came fast; her brain reeled. The outline of the house formed a frame round a portrait. *She was gazing at her husband's face.*

She made one desperate effort at recovering herself. This must be some practical joke of Lord Undercroft's. He had tampered with the plate. But no! There was no likeness of her husband in existence, and even had it been possible, no one would choose such a subject as this for a practical joke. Besides, the portrait appeared in front of the house and was quite distinct and clear. It could not have been on the plate when she took her picture, that was certain.

No! She had sinned. She had been unfaithful to the memory of her husband. She had dared for one moment to entertain Lord Undercroft's offer. This was a judgment on her for her wickedness. Heaven help her

Overcome with remorse and terror, she uttered a piercing shriek, turned faint, and dropped the plate, which fell to the ground and was broken into fragments.

Then she lost consciousness.

CHAPTER IV.

When Fanny came to herself she was lying on the drawing-room sofa. Her husband was bathing her forehead. Saunders was assisting him, and the first words she became dimly conscious of were in his voice.

"It's too bad of you, master," he was saying. "A shock like that was worse than your showing yourself would have been. It must have seemed like a miracle," he added, with a mixture of reproach and reverence in his voice, as if he were speaking of something sacred.

"Well, I didn't mean to frighten her," replied Mansell in a scared, apologetic tone, most unusual with him. "I didn't even know that I should come out on the cursed picture. I wanted to see what she was doing—to get a look at her face without her catching sight of me. It only occurred to me afterwards that I had put my head right in front of that infernal machine. It's all your fault for not going into the out-house when I told you."

"But she'd just said I wasn't to go in for fear of something dreadful happening with those queer things she's got there."

Evidently Saunders had a superstitious awe of the dark room.

"Well," retorted his master, "you could have called to her to come out, you old duffer! and then you could have broken it to her gently."

"There now!" exclaimed the poor old man, greatly injured. "I was all in a tremble with the fright you'd just given me—and there's cook not got over it yet, nor won't for a long time to come. There was you telling me to go into the out-house for fear of something you'd done to the machine, and there was mistress just been telling me not to go in for fear of doing something to the things inside; and I couldn't go and call to her that you'd come back—that would have given her a shock, if you like—and nothing short of that or the house being on fire would have brought her out till she'd finished; and if I'd opened the door she'd have heard cook's screams—and there was you close by, that she might have come upon quite unforeseen; go away now, sir—she's coming to—go away, I tell you!"

But Fanny had heard scraps of this conversation and had recognized her husband's voice. Go away? Just as he had come back to her? It had been no miracle—she had not been dreaming—he was really with her. She opened her eyes and gazed up at him. How could Lord Undercroft be for one moment compared to him? Here was all the old love and happiness restored to her. She was in his arms. They would never be parted again!

If Mansell had had any reason for doubting his wife's devotion, he doubted it now no longer. Such joy as she manifested could not have been simulated. Saunders had discreetly disappeared. When Fanny had sufficiently recovered, Mansell told his story in reply to her eager questionings.

On coming to himself after the accident he found that he was lying in a miserable hut, far from civilized regions, and tended only by natives. He was badly bruised, and stricken down by a fever, from which he began slowly to recover after two or three months of severe illness. Whenever he expressed a wish to send some message to his friends apprising them of his condition, he was informed by his attendants that they were unable to allow him to do so.

It was only by degrees that he divined their reasons for this prohibition. When his companions had been hurled headlong

over the precipice, Mansell, having separated himself from them by cutting the rope, had been thrown down by the shock of their falling against him and had rolled over the edge in a somewhat different direction. The surviving guide watched the catastrophe, and saw that Mansell was deposited on a ledge at some distance from the foot of the gorge. Judging from the manner in which he had fallen, it seemed possible that he might be still living. In that case he might be rescued, and give evidence concerning the cutting of the rope before the culprit should have had time to make his escape.

Murder, apparently, had not been the man's object, though he had been very ready to make sure of his own life and was not above profiting by the catastrophe. Having given notice of the accident, he had, in all probability, persuaded some of the natives to accompany him to the foot of the gorge for the purpose of rifling the bodies, and in exchange for a share in the plunder, had induced them to carry off Mansell. Fear lest their theft should be discovered would guarantee their keeping him in hiding till the affair had blown over. Being conducted to the scene of the disaster by the native guide himself, they would naturally accomplish their object long before the arrival of the expedition in search of the bodies, which had no one to direct it to the exact spot.

As soon as Mansell was allowed to leave his place of refuge, he travelled in great haste to the nearest town, where he hoped to be able to despatch a telegraphic message to England. But this imprudence brought on a return of the fever, and he arrived at his destination in too helpless a condition to fulfil his purpose. Another long illness followed. When he again began to recover, he found himself attended by a young English doctor who had just come from England to establish himself in the town, and who, singularly enough, was in constant correspondence with relations at Druffield. The first time Mansell was strong enough to converse, he disclosed his name to his new friend; whereupon the doctor remarked it as a coincidence that he bore the same name as a Druffield man who had recently lost his life in the Himalayas, and whose widow was now consoling herself with the society of Lord Undercroft.

After this, Mansell refrained from betraying his identity. He determined to return home with all possible speed, and ascertain for himself what was going on there. The voyage restored him to health, and he actually succeeded in reaching

his own door while Fanny was still in ignorance of his being alive.

Little remains to be told. In the hall Mansell encountered Saunders, who was so terrified at the sight of what he took to be a ghost, that some minutes elapsed before his master could convince him of his existence in the flesh and learn from him the whereabouts of his mistress. At that moment Fanny was on the lawn taking the first of the two photographs. Mansell, in his eagerness to catch a glimpse of her unseen, ran out into the garden through the kitchen, and approached her from behind the clump of rhododendrons just as she had inserted the dark slide for the second time. His appearance in the kitchen sent the terrified cook into a fit of hysterics, in which she remained for a quarter of an hour, in spite of all efforts to restore her.

It could never be ascertained positively whether Mansell was really so ignorant of the art of photography as to be unaware that he was taking his own likeness when he put his head in front of the camera. Saunders, remembering the feverish anxiety with which his master had afterwards begged him to violate the sanctity of the dark room, ventured to have his doubts on that point. His own private opinion was that Mansell had been tempted to take a mischievous revenge on Fanny for the readiness with which she had consoled herself during his absence, and that he had then suddenly repented his rashness and feared lest the consequences should be serious.

The whole affair had several important results. One was that Mansell solemnly promised his wife to abandon the pursuit of mountain climbing for the future. Another was that he consented to have his photograph taken on the first favourable opportunity. Moreover, it became known in the neighbourhood in the course of a few days that Lord Undercroft had already grown weary of his country residence, and was contemplating starting off immediately on a second foreign tour.

CYRIL BENNETT.



A German Reed=er.



IN May 1870 I took the final plunge ; deserted my somewhat neglected profession of the Bar, and became a member of *the* profession, as it is described in a spirit of banter by the smartly written journals of the day. But stay, am I an acknowledged member of *the* profession ? The members of *the* profession repudiate us, I believe—we are Entertainers, our stage is a platform, the characters in the pieces are called “illustrations,” and the pieces themselves designated “first part” or “second part,” as the case may be. They will have nothing to do with us, and the only recognition they accord us is that they frequently come and see our humble performances, and, I may add, that we are always very glad to see them.

I asked a dramatic critic once why we never got a notice of the Entertainment in his paper. His reply was : “You see, my dear Grain, the musical critic and myself cannot agree about your Entertainment, *i.e.*, the German Reed Entertainment ; *he* says it is not music, *I* say it is not the drama !” So between the two stools we fall to the ground ; the only consolation being that the Entertainment still goes on—and so for the matter of that does the Dramatic Critic’s newspaper. Then, again, it is the favourite device of a certain race of critics, not the critics of the great daily journals, who have reached a middle age of tolerance and dignified recognition of all dramatic efforts however humble, but of the younger critics who feel it incumbent on themselves to be smart in their writings at any price, to commence a notice of the Entertainment something after this fashion :

“The German Reed Entertainment is one of those peculiarly constituted institutions that have always received the support of the ‘goody-goody’ and the ‘strait-laced.’ Hither the young Curate brings his mamma and sisters with a feeling of absolute

security that the blush will never be brought to his own smooth pale cheek, or to the equally smooth though more ruddy cheek of his maternal parent and her innocent offspring. There is nothing in the Entertainment to cause a moment's uneasiness to the Guardians of Mr. Gilbert's typical 'young person,' or that could possibly bring a blush to the brow of a Bishop. Human passion is never hinted at; the want of smoothness in the course of true love never gets beyond a slight misunderstanding, and the whole Entertainment reminds one strongly of the series of songs written by a lady composer for a girl's school, which contained neither love nor high notes."

How many years have I now seen the foregoing paragraph, or something very similar, as a commencement of a notice of our Entertainment! But I can sympathise with those critics: I have scribbled myself at times, and I know how useful that sort of paragraph is in journalism. The paper is crowded, cut it out! The paper is a little short of matter, leave it in! And I know it is always done in a spirit of good-humoured banter, they do not really mean it; or, if they do, they approve of the system in their heart of hearts—for I have found nearly all of them ready and anxious to supply some of the "songs without love or high notes" for the delectation of those very audiences so smartly described. There is also another point in connection with this smart description of the Entertainment. We are rather, nay, very proud of the fact that the Bishop, the Curate, and the "typical young person" *can* come in safety and security from blushes and misgivings, and we are rather proud that the Entertainment has managed to exist and flourish, though in a quiet, modest manner, for thirty-two years this 4th day of February, 1888.

The German Reed Entertainment began with a sort of preliminary canter at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, in 1855. In February, 1856, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed settled at the Gallery of Illustration in Regent Street. They carried on the Entertainment by themselves until 1860, when Mr. John Parry joined them. In 1867 he retired. Then the little Entertainment gradually developed into pieces such as "Ages Ago," by Mr. W. S. Gilbert; in 1879 Mrs. German Reed retired, after about fifty years of public life. She quietly retired at the end of the summer season. There was no formal leave-taking of the public, no kissing on the stage, or wreaths and floral tributes; no more "last appearances," "positively last appearances," and

"positively final last appearances." No, Mrs. German Reed retired as quietly and modestly as she had always lived, taking with her not only the good wishes, but the love and affection of all those who had been fortunate enough to be associated with her. I do not think there is any one who ever had the privilege of her acquaintance who has not a kindly and affectionate feeling for "Mamma," and who would not join with me in wishing her long life and health to enjoy her well-earned repose.

In 1870 I made my *début* in a sketch called "The School-feast," and I was very kindly treated by the Press; for though the sketch contained the germs of one or two good ideas, it was very weak and flimsy at the best. If it seems so to me now, what must it have appeared to the critics at that time, when they saw and heard me, seated at the very piano and in front of the very scene but recently quitted by the great master of his art, John Parry! I had the pleasure of making Mr. Parry's acquaintance soon after that time, and I still treasure the list of subscriptions he used in his last sketch, the "Public Dinner," which he gave to me one day.

I shall never forget an occasion when Mr. Arthur Cecil and myself went down to Mr. S. Brandram's house in the country, to take part in some impromptu waxworks. I hope Mr. and Mrs. Brandram will forgive the mention of their names, but I take the liberty of doing so, as they recall one of the pleasantest evenings I ever passed.

The great tableau of the evening was "the Judgment of Paris."

Mrs. Brandram was Juno; Mr. Arthur Cecil was Venus, and a very dishevelled and dubious Venus he made, in a long fair wig, and white table-cloth; I was Paris, with a football for the apple, and last and not least, Mr. John Parry was Minerva! And what a Minerva! Mr. Brandram wound up the figures with a fishing reel, and delivered an excellent lecture upon them.

There were other "tableaux," but this made the greatest impression on me. Minerva's expression has haunted me to this day.

The last time I saw Mr. Parry before his death was at a dinner given by him a day or two after his final appearance at the Gaiety Theatre in 1877.

It was funny to me to read in the *Musical World* of the year 1837, picked up at a bookstall of Mr. J. Parry, jun., as he was

then called, making his first appearance in light operas at the St. James's Theatre, and singing sentimental songs at concerts, such as the "Auld Kirkyard."

In the same number I also came across a criticism of a little play by Boz (Mr. Charles Dickens), in which the writer expressed his opinion that he "would rather have originated one or two of his serious sketches, with some of the scenes of this little drama, than half the be-praised and be-quoted humour of the 'Pickwick Papers,' which, after all, is of a character calculated to make a quick appeal only to the great bulk of the reading public; and the great bulk of the reading public Mr. Dickens must have correctly estimated by this time."

It is an encouraging thing for a young artist to look over some old criticisms of great men in literature and art, and to find their earlier efforts, and sometimes mature efforts, abused in no measured terms. It gives him hope, and buoys him up against the depression arising from "a nasty notice."

When I joined the Entertainment in 1870, the company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, and Mr. Arthur Cecil. The programme was "Ages Ago," by W. S. Gilbert, my sketch before mentioned, and an adaptation by Mr. Burnand of "Les deux aveugles" of Offenbach, entitled, "Blind Man's Bouffe." "Ages Ago" was an excellent piece, with charming music by Mr. Frederic Clay. It had a capital run from November 1869, to the end of the summer season of 1870. It was the title of this piece that puzzled an acquaintance of mine so much in a letter written by some lady. My friend asked me if we had ever played a Greek piece at the Gallery of Illustration? I said, no; and asked why. My friend showed me the lady's letter, in which she stated she had been to the German Reeds to see a piece called Ag-es-a-go. The writer of the letter had divided the words thus at the end of the line, Ag-, then at the commencement of the next line came, -es Ago.

In the autumn of this year came my first experience of touring. We began in Liverpool, and it was there I had some opportunity of studying the remarkable ways of our "Dresser." One day I noticed a paper bag on a shelf. I thought it contained buns or biscuits. Suddenly it moved slightly, as I thought. Was it so, or an optical delusion? I heard a slight rustling—it couldn't be the bag. I remembered a silly old riddle about making a—bun—dance, it couldn't have come true—again the bag moved. I felt frightened—suddenly the bag

seemed to jerk itself along the shelf. I cried out to the Dresser to come quickly. "Lor, sir," he said, "it's only a little linnet as I bought cheap to-day off a man in the market!" Poor little linnet! the Dresser painted some of its feathers green and red, made a little perch that fitted into his button-hole, and the poor bird was taken round the country with us, fastened to this perch by a loop round its body. I forget the linnet's fate, but I fear it was sad. This Dresser was an extraordinary man. He went once to a country house to put up some scenery for some private theatricals. On the off night he amused the house party with a little entertainment of his own. We asked him what it was. "Oh! I just giv' em a bit of 'Amlick' (Hamlet), and sung 'em 'Tea in the h'arbour'"! But his greatest speech was when we told him to take off his hat in our dressing-room. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am neither a serf, nor a slave, nor a liveried servant."

His knowledge of the Queen's English was likewise "extensive and peculiar." On one occasion at rehearsal we asked for a chair with a high back. He said, "I only 'ave one, that there 'predel' chair." This puzzled us so much, we were obliged to ask him to produce the chair. He meant a "prie-dieu" chair. If he had to take a musical cue he would say, "oh! I see, sir, then I comes in when the h'orchestra begins them 'trimlets.'" Whether he meant "triplets" or "tremolo" we never discovered. On another occasion, being told that we should not want a piece of furniture that had been ordered, he said, "never mind, sir, I can make it come in 'andy, I'll *neutralize* it for the h'amatoors." A blue sky and snowy landscape he described as giving such a *dissolute* effect—desolate he meant; and on being asked of what wood a certain piece of furniture was made, he got into the most hopeless slough of misplaced letters "H" I ever heard. "Some say it's h'oak, some say it's h'ash, some say it's h'elm. But whether it's h'oak, h'ash or h'elm, h'elm, h'ash or h'oak, I'm sure I can't rightly say for certing!"

Liverpool seems to possess a curious race of Dressers. There was another one three years later who rejoiced in the name of Sexton. He had the faded appearance of an operatic chorus-singer by daylight; one of those unemployed peasants who are always asserting and exercising their right of meeting on the stage, whether it be in the King's Council Chamber, the Queen's Boudoir, or a Woodland Glade. His hair was shaved off at the temples, worn rather long, and a soft wide-awake was perched insecurely on the side and back of his head like unto

the manner of the unemployed operatic peasants aforesaid. He had once been to Knowsley, and everything he saw brought back vividly to him the memory of the late Earl of Derby. "Ah! sir," he would say, "if the late h'Earl of Durby 'ad but seen this performance, 'ow 'e would 'ave apprussiated it!"

There were queer people we met in Liverpool. We asked a gentleman to recite on one occasion in our lodgings. He looked round, the room was very small, and he said, "I am perfectly willing, but my voice is so extraordinarily powerful, I am wondering if the room would stand it?"

Then, again, there was the timorous and o'er-modest lady who let lodgings which gentility terms apartments; she was about 60 and her sister 65, but they refused to let their apartments to Mr. Cecil and myself—they doubted the propriety of the step, as they were two lone maidens.

Then there was the cheery gentleman who entertained us one Sunday, and insisted that Mr. Arthur Cecil should see his pigs. In vain poor Mr. Cecil pleaded his ignorance of the pig in its raw state, in vain he protested! "Harry," said the impulsive gentleman, "take Mr. Cecil out and show him the old sow!" And out Mr. Cecil had to go and see the old sow.

It was during this tour that we had a memorable journey from Cardiff to Bristol by steamer. Mr. German Reed went to London by rail and said we were to cross to Bristol by steamer, taking with us the scenery of "Ages Ago." He said we should so much enjoy the trip up the Avon.

In "Ages Ago" five pictures came to life at midnight, the five pictures representing five centuries of costume. We arrived at the Quay, the counterfeit presentments on the scenery looked very ghastly and worn by daylight; to use a more modern term, they looked decidedly "chippy." They were coaling the steamer, she was in a filthy condition of dirt and coal-dust; the cargo on board consisted of twelve sacks of onions, which brought tears to every eye, a drove of dirty pigs and an equally dirty drover, and the scenery of "Ages Ago." The first thing the pigs did was to take refuge behind the scenery, from which they were dislodged at intervals with imprecations by the drover and appalling grunts and squeaks by the pigs. The steamer canted right over to larboard or starboard, I don't know which, at all events she was all on one side. It was the 5th of November, bitterly cold, the wind blew the coal-dust into our eyes, the vessel was so crazy a craft that the engines caused the decks to

vibrate, and us to vibrate at the same time like human jellies ; Mrs. Reed sat on deck, wrapped up in shawls, till all resemblance to humanity disappeared ; she looked like those india-rubber toys of a head and body that you cannot upset. We stamped about as much as we dared on the crazy deck to try and keep ourselves warm, a large black dog meanwhile taking the greatest interest in our movements. He would watch us for a moment, and when he got one of us well up in a corner, he would block the way and bark furiously till it pleased him to desist and release us from our perilous position. This continued at intervals of five minutes ; the drover was ever hunting his pigs, his language grew worse and the pigs grew more strident in their remonstrances. Still we made but little progress ; a sea fog came on, we might make the Mouth of the Avon with luck, perhaps not, then we should lose the tide and have to wait outside. At last we did get into the Avon—but the trip up the Avon and its pretty banks ! Why, it was dark ! At last we moored alongside the Quay. Demon boys were letting off crackers in honour of Guy Fawkes' Day ; the pigs created an awful pandemonium ; the drover's whiplash caught me across the cheek ; there were twenty-four pieces of private luggage to pick out, and I did what was the most natural and most foolish thing to do under the circumstances ; I lost my temper, and the drover and I entered into a friendly rivalry of language.

I remember the difficulties of performing "Ages Ago" in Clifton so well. There were no dressing-rooms in those days in the Small Hall of the Victoria Rooms. We had to go quite early, clamber on to the platform with the aid of chairs, and dress behind the scenes as best we might. "Ages Ago" was a piece involving very quick changes of costume ; how we did it I don't know ! Then the boards of the platform were not allowed to touch the walls by some three or four inches, and various small but necessary articles of apparel tumbled down between the boards and the wall, and had to be fished up from a dust-covered depth of three feet with a hooked stick.

But things are changed for the better now. Local authorities and proprietors have at length come to the conclusion that there are actors, singers, and entertainers who are used to some of the amenities of civilized life. They have at length grasped the fact that a zinc pail is not the pleasantest form of washing-basin. I mention one seaside resort where we dressed in a small room off the tap-room of a public-house, where there was a

bagatelle-board. A very drunken frequenter of the tap-room insisted on trying to come in and play bagatelle, and finding his efforts hopeless, revenged himself by abusing at us horribly through the keyhole. It is only about three years since a fashionable inland watering-place possessed no better room for Entertainments than a hastily erected drill-shed. When our men arrived to put up the "fit-up" for our performance, they found the stage in possession of one old hen, trying to pick up an honest living on the boards. The ladies had to dress in the gun-room, where there was an overpowering and sickening smell of Rangoon oil ; we men dressed in a sort of outhouse where pigeons were kept, and looking on to the dustbin of the Care-taker. The Care-taker's wife had been boiling greens for dinner ; I say no more !

At Bournemouth some years ago we gave the Entertainment in a riding-school. The men's dressing-rooms were across the courtyard. I was dressed as a stage parish beadle, artificially fattened (it was years ago !), and with a portentous red bulbous nose. In this costume, and by daylight, I had to run the gauntlet of all the grooms and stable-helps. I have dressed in vestries of disused Methodist chapels, "made up" on the remains of the pulpit ; dressed also in a cellar with an inch or two of water here and there on the floor ; and at Dover, years ago, our dressing-room was not a room, but a space of some six square feet, separated from the front row of stalls only by a thin piece of green baize.

But things have improved so much now-a-days, and plush and velvet reign in place of dirt and squalor. In one fashionable watering-place on the South Coast there are two theatres, besides bands, &c. They cannot both be made to pay. Such things are only possible in foreign watering-places where there is gambling. The gambling tables pay for the amusement of the gamblers and non-gamblers, just as in this country the drinking bars provide the profit of a Promenade Concert.

For my part I do not believe in theatres at our watering-places. I am not speaking of the Northern resorts which I do not know, but of the South Coast resorts which I do know, and I except Brighton, Portsmouth and Plymouth. I think a well-ventilated hall would answer better, with the stalls and second seats on the area, and the shilling seats in a balcony. Let the seats be comfortable, not flashy vulgar plush for the stalls, but sufficient to ensure a reasonable amount of comfort. I *have*

seen wooden kitchen-chairs, with a cheap anti-macassar on the back, doing duty as four-shilling and five-shilling stalls. Then have a neat compact stage and footlights, drapery, curtains, and a nice scene painted, to shut off the larger portion of the stage when it is only required for concerts or meetings. By this means you make your theatre-going people comfortable, and the anti-theatre people do not object to the place because it is a theatre, that is to say, shaped and arranged as a theatre. At Bournemouth in days gone by there was a miserable building like a village schoolroom for Entertainments; then a Hall was built, not a bad place, but insufficiently lighted and wretchedly seated; then a theatre was built. we went down after a morning performance in town to open it, and I remember I said a "few words." Last year we found the theatre gutted and turned into some such sort of Hall as I have described, and we again assisted in opening the Hall under its new auspices. However, I am rapidly straying away from my subject. To go back to the year 1870. We returned to town at Christmas, and shortly afterwards I produced a new sketch called "*Baden-Baden*," and *broke down* in it on the first night before all the critics. Oh! the misery of that night and of many succeeding nights! We produced the "*Sensation Novel*" of Mr. W. S. Gilbert; "*Happy Arcadia*," by the same author, with Mr. Frederic Clay's music; "*My Aunt's Secret*," by Burnand, with Mr. J. L. Molloy's music; "*Very Catching*," by the same author and composer, and "*Charity begins at Home*," by Mr. B. C. Stephenson, with Mr. Alfred Cellier's music—both gentlemen now so well known as the author and composer of "*Dorothy*." We also produced a fanciful piece by the late Mr. Planché, called "*King Christmas*." I remember that I played four characters in it, and so I think did Mr. Cecil, and Mr. Alfred Reed who had replaced his father Mr. German Reed on his retirement in 1871. How much younger and more sprightly we were in those days! Thursday was a double-performance day, and we used to dine at the Gallery of Illustration, and get up impromptu plays between the morning and evening performances!

July 1873 saw the last of the old Gallery of Illustration, and we wandered homeless. I remember an agonizing journey about August of that year. I had to travel from Stafford, where I had been staying for a night or two, to Weston-super-Mare to join the company. The autumn manœuvres were on in Cannock Chase. The train due at Birmingham from

Stafford was two hours late owing to this fact, and I missed the communicating train to Bristol. There was another which would arrive in Bristol to catch the train to Weston-super-Mare, if we had luck. We had luck, but I suffered agonies. My head was for ever out of the window. I objurgated old ladies who would *not* settle on a carriage. I tried to work the train to greater speed with my legs and body as if steering a boat; I worked myself into a fever. We arrived at Bristol. Hurrah! there was Arthur Cecil, who had had exactly the same experience from Canterbury, and we arrived at the Rooms at Weston-super-Mare, starving, dirty and cross, just as the doors opened to admit the audience. Dear old Weston-super-Mare! It was at those very same Rooms that an old lady came up to one of the ladies of our company as she went up the stone steps and said, "Could you tell me, Miss, if there are any two-shilling seats left? 'Cos if there aren't *I'll go to church!*"

It was during that tour that we all arrived rather late at Reading, after a very long cross-country journey, to find that our agent had clean forgotten all about the performance. He had hired the Hall, but had done nothing more—never advertised the Entertainment or anything of the sort. Our stage luggage was detained till we paid the hire of the Hall, and we slunk off to London with our tails between our legs. The agent had left previously; he arrived in the town, found out his error, uttered one wild cry, and was seen no more for ten days.

At Christmas Mr. Arthur Cecil left us to make his *début* on the *real* stage, and Mr. Arthur Law joined us. The elections in February, 1874, stopped all touring, and at Easter we opened at St. George's Hall with a revival of "Ages Ago," in which Miss Leonora Braham made her *début*. Again, after a short season, we toured, and Christmas, 1875, saw us permanently settled at St. George's Hall.

On January 1st, 1877, Mr. Alfred Reed and myself commenced partnership, and had the luck to produce a very successful little after-piece, "Our Doll's House," by Mr. W. Yardley, with music by Mr. Cotsford Dick. I played Noah, and my dress was a calico-covered wire cage in which I could scarcely move, much less walk, run, or go up and down-stairs. Had the place caught fire, there could have been no hope for me; I was helpless, and totally unable to get out of it without assistance.

We produced a new version of this piece a few years later,

and a toy-rabbit appeared, beating a drum in the well-known toy-rabbit style. The toy-rabbit was a small boy. A year or two ago I went into a shop in the Lowther Arcade to buy toys, and a youth of about sixteen waited on me. When my purchases were completed, he said, "I hope you are quite well, sir. I had the pleasure of playing with you once in a piece. I am the toy-rabbit!" Personating toys at eight years of age, selling them at sixteen!

Mr. Alfred Reed and myself have now completed our eleventh year of management. During that period we may safely claim one merit; we have not been idle. We have produced forty-five new pieces, besides several revivals which involve just as much trouble in rehearsing. Our authors include Messrs. Arthur Law (who heads the list with nineteen pieces), Burnand, Gilbert A'Beckett, Arthur A'Beckett, Yardley, H. P. Stephens, Malcolm Watson, Herbert Gardner, Comyns Carr, G. W. Godfrey, and others. Our list of composers: Messrs. Eaton, Faning, King, Hall, Caldicott, Grossmith, Arthur Cecil, Cotsford Dick, Hamilton Clarke, Alfred Scott Gatty, German Reed, Lionel Benson, George Gear, and others.

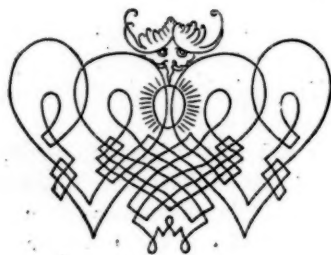
In the production of these pieces Mr. Alfred Reed has been the prime mover. To him is due any credit there may be in rehearsing and placing them on the stage. I have done nothing or next to nothing in all those troublesome and wearying preparations of which the general public is quite ignorant. A lady once said to me in surprise: "Do you have to rehearse? I thought you just learnt the words at home and went on and said them."

Our little pieces are not gigantic productions, but they generally take a good five weeks' rehearsal, as our time is a good deal cut up by three morning performances a week; and then at times we have members of our company who, although trained singers, have no experience of acting. It is not their fault, but the fault of our existing or rather non-existing systems of teaching and opportunity of practice. Well, they have to be taught at rehearsal, and often after rehearsal. All of this work has been undertaken and carried out by Mr. Alfred Reed, and only those who have done it know how wearing and tiring this work is. Poor Mr. North Home, whose untimely death we all felt so much last year, was a case in point. He came to us in November, 1881. He was a Royal Academy student, but though a trained singer, he had no experience whatever of stage

work. Mr. Reed worked and worked, till he became fairly proficient.

When I think of the work done by Mr. Reed I feel rather guilty. My only consolation is that I have produced about thirty-eight sketches in our eleven years of management, out of a grand total of fifty-six produced since May, 1870. This may be a matter of congratulation to myself, though not to others. I offer them my humble apologies, and hope to gain their forgiveness when in the next number of this Magazine I tell of some of the difficulties connected with my particular branch of the Entertainment.

R. CORNEY GRAIN.



The Extraordinary Condition of Corsica.

MOST Frenchmen, and a good many other people, get their knowledge of Corsica from 'Colomba.' Mérimée places the date of his story about 1816, and writes as if he thought that the state of things which he paints was fast dying out. Ajaccio has become a winter health-resort, and as Corsicans make a point of making things pleasant for strangers, no tourist has the least idea of what kind of country he is living in, and what sort of things are going on under his nose. The French Government, and especially the department of the Procureur Général, does know, and it is a scandal that the Republic has made no serious effort to cope with a state of things which would disgrace a Turkish "vilayet," but yet are carried on with impunity in a French Department. The *Temps* newspaper, the editor of which seems to have had some idea of what was going on, sent a special correspondent, M. Paul Bourde, to Corsica in the spring of last year, and he has contributed the result of his experiences in a series of letters to that journal. He has been careful only to report on matters which he has personally investigated or which he learned on trustworthy evidence, and, as he says, has consequently left out much that was curious, but what he discloses is startling enough. The letters are interesting as showing the extraordinary state in which Corsica is, socially and politically, and also how very little the most complicated and most democratic institutions can protect the individual against the influence of a clique in power. A somewhat similar state of things exists in the rural commune in Italy, and has been vividly described by Madame Galleti de Cadilhac in 'Our Home by the Adriatic,' a work which has created a great sensation in Italy; but the social condition of the Italian Commune but faintly reflects that of the Corsican

Commune, though they have many features in common. In both the concentration of all local authority in the hands of a clique or clan makes the manipulation of the electorate easy, and we propose to show in the following paper by what iniquitous dodges this is managed. In one respect Italy has the advantage of Corsica, for there brigandage is a thing of the past, and only occasional instances occur; but in Corsica in the spring of 1887 there were upwards of 600 bandits at large!

The most remarkable fact about Corsica, says M. Bourde, is a social relationship which somewhat resembles that of the ancient Roman Patron and Client. About fifteen families have under their control a certain number of electors who vote as they wish. One of these Corsican patrons with whom M. Bourde stayed thus explained his relations with his clients. "In my family, out of four brothers one only is married, and we have thus avoided the partition of the property. One of my brothers manages it, and I, as eldest, have the political direction. I give up my life, and I may almost say our fortune, to the interests of our clients, and they in return give us their votes. Our property is scattered over about a dozen 'communes,' and divided up into numerous small holdings, let to about fifty tenants on very easy terms, and we are not very strict about exacting the rent. These people, whose very existence depends upon us, are devoted to us, and this gives us the disposal of about two hundred votes. We allow other tenants whose lands intermingle with ours to pasture their beasts on our stubbles and uncultivated lands, and as we have already a nucleus of supporters, this gives us about three hundred more votes, and to these you can add those also, who either from relationship or from habit, vote as we wish them. There is no individual independence in Corsica. Every one seeks to belong to a clan, in order to be able to count on the influence of his clan when he may be in want of it. We have also some supporters who side with us because they hate our rivals, but the number of these increases and diminishes with the growth or decrease of our influence."

Soon after this conversation a man rode into the courtyard with a small barrel of wine. The host received him cordially, installed him in the kitchen and, returning, said to M. Bourde, "You were asking about the relationship of the patron and client; an instance has just happened. That man has come fifty kilomètres to bring me a barrel of wine. I don't want it, but he wants thirty francs, and therefore he naturally comes to the patron."

The patron gets out of the clan what is precious to a Corsican, power, in the truest sense of the word. He governs his clan like a despotic being. He looks after their interests, and they support him and one another in everything. Here is an instance of the power of the clan. In July 1880 a jury was sitting to decide on the amount to be paid for lands taken by the railway from Bastia to Finmorbo. The jury had been selected by a majority directed by M. de Casabianca, and it deliberated in the presence of M. de Casabianca, a barrister chosen by the Company. It was therefore a real jury of the clan, and acted accordingly. M. B. claimed compensation for a vineyard measuring 16 *ares* and 99 *centiares*. Mdle. V. for one of about the same size. M. B. was an enemy of the clan; he got 2000 francs, a fair price. Mdle. V. was a friend; she got 13,000 francs. MM. A. were relations; they got 35,000 francs for a little over a hectare of land and brushwood; and M. de S., for less than a hectare, 45,000 francs! And no one saw anything peculiar in this except a proof of the influence of the clan of M. de Casabianca. His adversaries made the most of it, however, and agitated to such a purpose, that next year they got a majority on the Conseil Général. Here was a grand opportunity to apply the rules of equity! The new jury assembled in January 1887, and what did they do? Compensation was claimed for about thirteen hectares of land. The Company offered 31,000 francs. The jury gave 446,105 francs! Only this time, to shut the mouths of the opposite party, they gave both parties what they asked. "It would never do," said one of them to M. Bourde, "to give our friends less than M. de Casabianca's jury did, people would say we were bad patrons.

The two forces which regulate affairs in Corsica are the influence of certain great families and political patronage. The first has been explained. The second we will proceed to explain. The local journals are full of announcements of the appointments of Corsicans to posts under the Government, even the most insignificant being reported. The Corsicans hate agriculture, and those who are able, employ Italians (called Lucquois) to do all the heavy work. This dislike of agriculture turns their thoughts to getting some post under Government. Every small official has some of the power which is dear to the heart of every Corsican, inasmuch as it gives him the opportunity of helping his friends, and annoying his enemies.

Corsica was Legitimist under the Restoration, Orleanist under the Monarchy of July, and Bonapartist under the Empire. Each of these *régimes* seems to have known how to keep the Corsican vote by taking advantage of the national peculiarities, and choosing several heads of clans upon whose recommendation all nominations were made. In return for which, the Government got the votes of the clans and carried their candidates. For the first time, under the Republic Corsica systematically returns opposition candidates; when it adopts the system of its predecessors, Government candidates will be again returned. In fact no Corsican cares a button about politics in the ordinary sense of the word. What he wants is to get a majority on the Conseil Général, or to get one of his own party made "Maire," for this opens a wide field. Once in the "mairie," a man can have the management of the communal property, get off paying taxes, get a certificate of pauperism to avoid paying fines, in fact help himself and his friends, and oppress his enemies. Therefore during the first few months of the year, while the electoral lists are being made up, Corsica is in a state of excitement. The procedure is that a Commission, presided over by the Mayor, draws up the lists, and there is an appeal from their decisions to the Juge de Paix. As a matter of fact it is the Juge de Paix who really draws them up. Imagine what an opportunity to serve his clan! Many Corsicans, like Italians, pass the summer in the hills and the winter by the sea. If they are "friends," they manage to get a vote in both Communes; if "enemies," probably in neither. In the Commune of St. Florent there are about 200 electors, of whom only about 120 generally vote, the rest being fishermen or sailors. The elections are usually decided by about 5 votes. In 1881, the Juge de Paix put down the names of six Cantonniers who did not reside in the Commune at all, on the pretext that, as their foreman lived there, they ought to. The Cour de Cassation annulled this decision on the 24th of May, but the cantonniers had been able to vote at the elections in April, which was all that was wanted. The next year they were put down again, and again the Court of Appeal struck them off. After this the cantonnier dodge seems to have been played out. Corsicans are always being worried, if they do not belong to the proper clan, by all sorts of unscrupulous dodges to keep them out of their rights. No wonder that not only do they believe justice cannot be got from their courts, but also that they some-

times take the law into their own hands and declare themselves in vendetta. Sometimes the Juge de Paix himself gets mixed up with it. Here is a case from the records of the Court. Antoine Leonetti, a shoemaker at Ciamanacce, and Bartoli, Juge de Paix at Zicaro, "differed" as to politics, as the indictment diplomatically puts it. Accompanied by a friend, the Judge was returning to Zicaro on the 4th of November, 1882, when suddenly two reports came from the bushes at the side of the road, and two balls struck the earth at their feet ; as every one carries his gun in Corsica, the Judge and his friend returned the fire, but without result. A witness said that he had seen one Leonetti at the time and place of the attempt, and although this witness was got out of the way, Leonetti was found guilty, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. M. Bartoli, fearing the vengeance of the clan Leonetti, got himself transferred to Hérault, but unfortunately he was obliged to come back to give evidence ; as the custom is in Corsica under such circumstances, he took care to be always attended by an escort of his friends. On the 9th of May he was going to Ciamanacce with his usual guard, one Molloni walking 50 yards in front as a scout, when he was fired at and wounded from behind a tree. The escort fired a volley after the attempted murderer ; it was Felix Leonetti, brother of Antoine ; he escaped, and remained in the bush two years. After this, the Judge seeing he would never be able to come back to Corsica, negotiated a truce with the Leonetti, and Felix gave himself up a prisoner. At the trial the witnesses who had deposed to the facts at the *instruction* could remember nothing at all about it, and the jury, refusing to re-open a vendetta which had been happily settled, acquitted the prisoner (17th June, 1886).

The Corsicans have a proverb which says "Un maire doit mourir dans son écharpe," which means that once in office, everything which helps to keep your adversaries out and yourself in is justifiable. To be sent to prison for an electoral fraud committed in the interests of the clan is considered as a misfortune, not a crime. No less than 399 persons were prosecuted for offences of this sort in 1884-85.

Here is a way of retaining the mayoralty when the majority is known to have passed to one's enemies :—

1st Act (9th January, 1881). The "bureau" was discovered putting into the ballot box a packet of false bulletins. Assessors condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment but subsequently let off.

2nd Act (6th March, 1881). Under the presidency of the same assessors the ballot box was found to contain more voting papers than there were voters!

3rd Act (7th May, 1882). Under the same presidency the friends of the Mayor came first thing in the morning to vote, and at ten o'clock the voting was declared to be over, and the other party found the door shut.

4th Act (1st October, 1882). The Mayor, who was to have presided, resigned on the morning of the election, and it could not be held.

5th Act (4th March, 1883). The Conseiller Général, who was to have presided, said he was ill, and the election had to be again postponed.

Thus the minority contrived to keep themselves in power for two years; the sixth time they had managed to doctor the lists so as to give themselves the majority, and therefore offered no obstacle to the holding of the election. However a report having got about that some strange names had been placed on the list, the Mayor's enemies asked to see the new list. This was refused them, so, in Corsican fashion, they determined to take the law into their own hands, and armed with loaded guns, posted themselves at the entrance of the "mairie" to prevent any strangers voting. An unfortunate villager from Corte appeared. "Come on," called the Mayor, "don't be afraid." "If you stir a step you are a dead man," shouted a voice from the crowd. He tried to pass. "Fire!" said the voice, and he fell pierced with balls. "A stupid business, and badly carried out," said a Corsican to M. Bourde. "They should have shot the Mayor. Eight of our party were found guilty, including the Conseiller Général. This disorganised us."

Another Mayor, one Bartoli of Polneca, became quite celebrated for the vigour with which he acted. Three times he got the elections postponed, and the fourth (September 28th, 1884) he and eighty of his partisans barricaded themselves in the mairie, and the other party tried to set fire to the building, but were beaten off by the fusillade. A "Commissaire de police" from France with some gendarmes was sent to take charge of the next election. They ingeniously tried to entice him away by raising a false alarm of a fight outside. He rushed out to see what was the matter, and the Mayor's friends, who had been waiting their opportunity, flew to the ballot box. Alas, for their hopes! He had taken it with him under his arm.

The Mayor who has conducted his campaign successfully, immediately begins to enjoy the fruits of victory. He manages his communal property, and manages so that his friends get the benefit. Take the right of pasture. At Casamaccioli in 1886, thirty-four partisans of the Mayor and thirty-seven enemies put their names down. The Mayor's friends possessed more beasts than the other party; but they paid 87 francs 55 centimes, the others, 1002 francs 80 centimes. In fact, if you are an enemy you pay as much as you can; if a friend, little or nothing: one result of this mismanagement is that all the Communes are very poor. You hardly ever find more than a mule track when once you get off the great roads made by the State, for there is no money to make them. The taxes are not collected equitably, on the same principles. At this same Casamaccioli in 1886, the village property being divided in almost equal shares between the two parties, fifty-six friends paid 131 francs, forty-one enemies 504 francs 12 centimes.

If you are a friend of the Mayor he will give you any certificate you wish for; if an enemy, none. For example, a friend wants a sum of money. The Mayor gives a certificate that in the month of January 1887 he lost 4600 francs' worth of beasts. The gendarmerie came to enquire and found that he had never possessed any cattle at all! (Commune de Barteliccaccia). Another friend wants some money and happens to have a daughter aged thirty-five. The Mayor sends in papers to state that she is a new-born child; a sum of money is awarded to him (Commune d'Ajaccio). Another man, who looks well into the future, thinks that he would like his new-born child to get off his military service, so the Mayor does not enter his birth in the register at all. All this explains a letter which a Corsican notary once wrote in answer to the Crédit Foncier, which had been making some enquiries as to a loan: "One of the children is of age, and *the other can be* if you would wish it." A man is so worried and harassed at every point by his adversaries, that it is small wonder if he will risk anything for a moment's revenge upon them, which not only explains the prevalence, but also the peculiar nature of crime in Corsica. Out of every five crimes of violence, four arise from fights and quarrels, and hardly any are committed with a view to robbery. No doubt the reason for this is the absence of any sort of law, upon which the people think they can depend, and to which they can look for protection. Theoretically the French system of judica-

ture is established in the island, but the influence of the clan pervades it root and branch, except perhaps in the highest courts

How can a Corsican expect to get justice from a Juge de Paix or from a jury of the opposite clan? Little wonder that, persecuted out of his senses, he takes the law into his own hands. Owing to this absence of any trust in the administration of justice, the gravest results often follow from very small causes. A dog killed in a vineyard has caused a strife between the Rocchini and the Tafani which has already resulted in the death or wounding of eleven persons! It has also given the Corsicans the idea that a man who has taken the law into his own hands is not a criminal, but an unlucky person, *un homme dans le malheur*, and they are ready to feed him and protect him when he takes to the woods, in 1887 exactly as they did in 1816.

And so it comes about that Corsica has 600 bandits, and that there is no law to speak of. How can there be, when a year has never passed without several witnesses who happen to have spoken the truth being killed by the clan? A case happened on the 29th of April last at Mezzana. Here again is a terrible example of Corsican manners. On the 1st of January, 1885, three young men were going to church. Mariotti bet Orsini a bottle of wine that he would throw him in a wrestling match. One Olanda held the stakes. A quarrel arose as to the victor, and Orsini seizing a dagger (the *stylet* of Colomba) from the belt of Nicolaï, a bystander, stabbed Olanda in the stomach and kills him. Orsini and Nicolaï are arrested. The former is condemned to a few months' imprisonment, and there being no charge against the latter, he is released. Now enter Olanda père, and observe his method of reasoning, which is thoroughly Corsican. Orsini has been punished, but if Nicolaï has been released, it must have been through favour; he therefore administers to him eleven stabs, to teach him to keep his stylet better concealed. The Nicolaï and the Olanda are therefore in vendetta; Nicolaï wounds another son of Jerome Olanda, Denys. The two Olanda attack three Nicolaï, and kill one known as "il Moro." Denys Olanda is arrested, but before the trial his father gives notice that he will not leave a single witness alive who gives evidence against his son, and he particularly specifies the widow of "il Moro." However, at the trial, excitement and her desire for vengeance were too much for her, and she made a passionate appeal to the jury for justice. Only two days afterwards Olanda père shot her as she was

returning home, and tried to kill her little daughter, who was only saved by jumping over a precipice, where her fall was broken by some trees. The village was so terrified that no one dare dig the mother's grave. Afterwards Olanda was slain in turn by the gendarmerie.

A state of vendetta is so well recognised, that a mayor has been known to issue a decree in the following terms :

Art. I.—No person is allowed to carry arms within the boundaries of the Commune of Levìa.

Art. II.—An exception will be made in favour of those persons who are well known to be in a state of antagonism.

Even at Ajaccio, although it is usual to leave arms at the "octroi," those who may possibly want them are allowed to carry them into the town. Quarrels are never confined to single persons, they always take in whole families and go on for years, even for centuries. In Casinea, for example, the inhabitants are still divided into *Neri* and *Bianchi*, a quarrel which was in full swing in the sixteenth century, and in which the Casabiancas were even then mixed up. There are persons who never go to their own doorstep without having first carefully reconnoitred. If they have to travel, they do so with an escort of friends, some in front as scouts, and some behind as a rear-guard, and all armed with double-barrelled guns.

In order to find the Corsica of Colomba in all its glory it is necessary to go into the mountains of Corte, and above all into the arrondissement of Sartène. Here, out of 8000 male inhabitants, 4400 have charges of various sorts against them—murder or misdemeanours! They do not care, and live in freedom, practically out of all legal jurisdiction. It was here that a Tafani, by killing a dog in the vineyard, began the famous vendetta with the Rocchini. In consequence of this no less than eighty members of the two families have taken to the woods and become bandits, seven persons have been killed, four wounded, one driven into exile, and many threatened with death. The exile was a certain Dr. B., with whose flight an unfortunate French official got mixed up. He was at Porto Vecchio and wanted to go to Bonifaccio, but when he went to take his place in the Diligence, he found the greatest difficulty in getting one, all sorts of objections being raised. However he presented himself the next morning, and was much astonished to find that he was apparently the only passenger, as he had been told that all the places were taken. Off they started, but outside the town the

Diligence stopped, and eight armed men surrounded it ; three got into the *coupé* and the rest into the *intérieur* with the official. He naturally supposed that they were going out shooting, and addressed them in a friendly manner on that hypothesis ; but none answered a word, and the five men, all preserving the same grave demeanour, eyed him suspiciously, which was not reassuring. The Diligence soon came to a spot where the road ran between high banks covered with brushwood, and again stopped. Another band of armed men had surrounded it, and were conferring in low tones with the escort. A posse of skirmishers was then detached to search the pass, and presently a series of whistles announced that the road was clear, and the diligence proceeded. This was repeated whenever it approached a dangerous bit of road, and the official asserts that at one of the halts there could not have been less than sixty men round the carriage. He was a little scared by hearing one of his fellow-passengers remark that his having no luggage was very suspicious, and he hurriedly explained who he was and why he was travelling. This seemed to satisfy them, but when just outside Bonifaccio they got down and took leave of him, he was not sorry to see the last of them ; especially when he saw that the third man in the *coupé* between the body-guards was Dr. B., who was leaving his native village in Corsican fashion. It must be remembered that this occurred in November 1886.

Out of the twenty newspapers published in the island not one has mentioned this vendetta, one reason being, according to one of the editors, patriotism ; another, that the editor is in the habit of receiving a letter to say that he has no doubt heard of the misfortune which has happened to the *famille B.*, and that it is hoped he will not add to their annoyance by publishing any details ! And he knows what that means !

What country is there except Corsica in which the following conversation could take place ? The *Procureur* of the Republic of Sartène was going out shooting, when he perceived at the bottom of a ravine a man busy casting balls, who called out to him :

"Hullo, M. le Procureur !"

"Oh, it's you, Nicolai Baritone !"

"Can you tell me how my case is getting on ? It doesn't seem to progress much."

"How can it get on ? As long as you are at liberty, none of the witnesses will come forward and give evidence. You ought to give yourself up."

"We'll see about that when I am tired of the woods, M. le Procureur."

In fact, as we have said before, a sort of halo surrounds a bandit, and his compatriots even hide the exactions which he imposes on them. It is easy to imagine what a curse the presence of 600 bandits in the country is to Corsica. As the law is powerless, the bandit takes its place. "He has a bandit in his service," is a local expression which reveals a great deal. If you take a bandit under your protection his gun is at your disposal. If you can't collect a debt, he does it for you, and no one controverts his arguments. If you have a lawsuit about a piece of land, the bandit will show your opponent that he is clearly in the wrong. In fact the bandit is the great social arbitrator.

For example, last year a duel was going to take place just outside Ajaccio. The bandits, knowing their protector was in danger, appeared, and put a stop to it.

A French Company established some large vineyards near Sartène ; but this did not suit the shepherds upon whose pastures they encroached, and at their request their friends the bandits boycotted the vineyards, and ten gendarmes had to be sent to protect workmen ; but when they had gone away, the bandits appeared again, and one fine day ninety workmen arrived at Sartène, having had notice to do no more work under pain of death. However, now the Company is prosperous ; but they have made friends of the mammon of unrighteousness and taken the bandits into their pay. It is now the shepherds who are kept off by the bandits !

As to political influence, every one in Corsica will tell you, without being ashamed of it, that the municipal council of Loggi was imposed on the Commune by the bandits Simeoni and Giansillo, that at Mansi the bandit Manani has done the same thing, and that the Mayor of Pignà would not be in that position were it not that the bandit Alessandri is his uncle !

The only thing to be said for Corsican bandits is that except in a few instances they are not, like their Greek *confrères*, brigands. They take to the woods, not to make money, but to avoid justice and satisfy revenge. However, in the present state of the country it will be no wonder if they take to brigandage as well. Indeed, in the month of November 1886, at eight o'clock in the evening, while thirty guests were sitting at table d'hôte in the Hôtel Bellevue at Ajaccio, five bandits entered the house and, putting a pistol to the head of the pro-

prietor's wife, demanded 3000 francs. The husband borrowed a revolver and rushed with the cooks to his wife's assistance and after a brisk exchange of shots the bandits fled. This is getting perilously near brigandage.

The most celebrated bandits of Corsica are two brothers, Jacques and Antoine Bonelli, known as the Bellacasia. They live in the gorge of Pentica in the centre of the island, near the town of Bocognano, which is an excellent strategic position, as it has only one entrance, and persons approaching it can be seen some distance off. In the midst of wild mountains, the valley itself is fertile, and supports the flocks and herds of the Bellacasia, who live there like true kings, as they are. They tax the adjoined villages, and come whenever they like to the town of Bocognano, where there are gendarmerie barracks. They have built themselves houses; they have married their daughters, and as their political influence is large, they have obtained good posts for their sons-in-law, and in fact live tranquil, honoured and respected lives. Antoine took to the woods in 1848 in consequence of a quarrel with the Mayor of the Commune, one of the causes being that the Mayor would not marry a sister of his, who could not produce her certificate of birth. Consequently Antoine and Jacques lay in wait for him, and fired four barrels into him. At the same time Antoine fell in love with the daughter of one Casati, and one night he and three other bandits appeared at her father's house and demanded his daughter. The terrified girl hid herself; but they managed to get hold of the father, whom they gagged and carried off to their cave and kept on bread and water. The *fiancé* of the young lady, Jean Baptiste Marcangeli, went with two friends to release him, but managed it so badly, that they were caught, gagged, and kept on bread and water in the cavern too. Marcangeli got his liberty on promising to give up the girl to Antoine, but no sooner was he free than he forgot his promise, and married her on the 30th of April, 1850. On the 27th of June Antoine killed him and demanded the hand of the widow. Soon after they committed another murder, because obstacles were raised to the marriage of another sister. It was after this that they settled in the valley of Pentica. Several expeditions have been sent against them. In September 1886, one consisting of no less than 120 soldiers and 70 gendarmes was despatched; but they went off to the house of a Mayor who was a friend of theirs, and stayed there quietly till the expedition had gone home again. The

Bellacasia are a nearer approach to a bandit in a story than any in the island. They are supposed to have a cave of which no one knows the entrance. They are hospitable to strangers who are properly introduced, and they occasionally give large boar hunts to their friends.

As we have said before, the state of Corsica is a disgrace to France, but the remedy, according to M. Bourde, is simple, namely, to make no special laws, but to apply vigorously and without fear or favour the existing law. With the tribunals in the hands of one family, a Corsican is not to be blamed for having no belief in justice. There must be a Prefet and a Procureur Général who are absolutely independent, and the Government must cease only to use its influence with the clan in order to get a deputy to vote the right way.

The financial aspect, too, is a serious one for France. In no year has Corsica ever paid its expenses. Indeed, it is said to have cost since the beginning of the century more than a milliard of francs (£49,000,000). No wonder, when no one belonging to the right clan ever pays any fines or taxes. Every one carries a gun, but few get a licence. In France, 1 in every 97 inhabitants takes one out. In Corsica, 1 in every 830! In 1885 there was owing to the Treasury 1,000,691 francs for fines, &c. It only got in 79,093 francs! These facts speak for themselves.

CHARLES SUMNER MAINE.



Odds and Ends from a Rancho.

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QUITE one of the features of Californian life I find to be the limited credence which people over here attach to one's description of it. Personally I do not feel hurt at this, for, as yet, I have not been at the pains to tell them anything of it that was not strictly true. It is when a man gets on to fiction telling that he gets jealous about it, and so angry with the sceptic. For all that, I should scarcely venture to risk my reputation by speaking of some of the feats of horsemanship I have seen performed by the Mexicans, were it not that Colonel Cody's Wild West Show has given Englishmen some notion of the riding of the vacqueros.

"I don't understand it at all," said an Australian friend to me not long ago, "the way those Cowboys at Buffalo Bill's ride their buckers. They hardly seem to sit in the saddle at all. They are standing up on one stirrup all the time, with their other leg just hitched over the saddle. Now in Australia if a man shifts only an inch from his saddle on a buckner we reckon he's done."

Well, that is just the great feature of all Mexican riding, the looseness of their seat. It is all done by balance. And when I say "all," it means a wonderful deal. I have seen a Mexican named Louis—to be sure he was accredited to be the best rider out there, and for my own part I cannot conceive that there can be a better in the world—I have seen that man cross his legs over the horn of the big Mexican saddle, and throwing the reins on the neck of the horse, calmly roll a cigarette while the horse bucked up and down with him. I know it is asking a great deal to expect credence for such a feat as this; but yet, when we consider the pitch of perfection reached by circus riders among our own countrymen, the very much higher degree of excellence attained by one remarkable man out of a nation whose members



we may almost say are born on horseback, is not so altogether beyond the prospect of belief—though there is of course an enormous difference between riding the trained things in a circus and the mustang caught wild upon the prairie. The Mexican saddle, with its great stirrups and the horn on which the lasso hangs, gives, of course, very many good *points d'appui*; but the performances of these Mexicans on the bare back are wonderful enough. You see a herd of wild horses driven through the narrow pass of the corral. Your Mexican, with a hair rope in his hand, will drop from the beam above, upon the back of the horse it is wished to reclaim to domestic uses. In an instant he is away—snorting, bellowing, positively shrieking with terror, in the midst of the thundering stampede of his fellows, who are scarce less terrified than himself. He cannot buck, while the herd press closely upon him. The Mexican leans forward, with the rope in both hands—passes it over the horse's head, into the wide open mouth, and forces it behind his teeth. Then he takes a turn with it under the lower jaw, and there he has him bitted and bridled. After a little over half an hour he comes back with him—broken: not "so that a child could ride him," but so that a Mexican can.

Of course they are small horses. I cannot say how the Mexicans would fare with one of those big Australian buckers. They maintain, however, that this loose seat of theirs does not irritate a horse in the way a grip with the knees does; and this I fully believe. Further than that, I fancy the solution of the mystery about those horses which will go quietly enough with a lady, though a man can hardly ride them, is to be sought rather in the method of the lady's seat than, as is commonly thought, in the superior delicacy of her fair hands.

Certainly the low stature of the American horses rendered more feasible another feat which I saw performed by this same Louis. He had been riding a bucker, which he had tired into temporary quiescence; and he now sat upon the motionless, panting beast, chaffing a younger brother of his, who had been recently thrown. The boy bore it for a while, and then, as the tears of vexation started to his eyes, suddenly threw his coat, which he had on his arm, at the legs of the horse Louis was sitting. Of course the terrified beast began again its wild plunges, and got the coat in some way entangled round its hind legs. Louis, with the most consummate ease, bent himself back over the hindquarters of the furiously bucking animal, and taking

hold of the coat, shook it free: then, quietly saying, "Take it, boy," tossed it back to his brother.

This is horsemanship sublime; but there is a nation largely represented out there whose horsemanship savours of the ridiculous. My cook was a Chinaman, of the name of Ah Sin. That was really his name; and he had many of the gifts of his illustrious namesake, the simple hero of Bret Harte's ballad. Ah Sin was a man of character. When he came to me he had cut off his pig-tail, because his opinion of his countrymen was a low one, and because he thought he would now pass for a Caucasian. The experiment was not a success. He was ostracised by Caucasian and Celestial alike; so he left the city and came out on my ranche.

He was a very good poker player. When I was making some additions to my house, he used to play with the carpenter and the mason in their dinner-hour, and I used sometimes to watch them through a chink in the boarding. When it was Ah Sin's deal he always dropped three or four cards into his lap, so that he had a nice little lot to select from. He won all the wages of the carpenter and the mason. I thought of deducting this from his own wages, but I did not—he was a very good cook. He was not a very good horseman, however. He only tried once. "Would I lend him a horse to go into D——?" he asked, one day. I said yes, and told him which horse he had better take.

"Him gently horse?" he asked.

"Yes, Sin," I said. "Him very gently horse."

Well, he took the wrong horse; but he managed to make something of a start of it, and got out of sight all safe. It was not long, though, before he came back. He was leading the horse with one hand, and with the other was applying delicate massage treatment to the part of his person which ought to have been in the saddle. It appeared that the horse had moved on rather faster than Ah Sin, so that he found himself sitting on the ground instead of on the horse's back.

"Well, but, Sin," I said, "you did not take the horse I told you to. That is the one I meant, old Eda H., with the colt alongside of her."

"Him more gently horse?" asked Sin, distrustfully.

"Yes," said I. "Him much more gently horse."

So Sin set off again, riding the mare, and with the great big lolloping colt slouching along beside them. This time he was

longer gone, but still not nearly long enough to have been to D—— and back.

"Well, Sin," I said, "did you not go to D——?"

"No, me no go D—— to-day," said he, still furtively applying the massage treatment. "Me 'fraid," he naively added, "me 'fraid him littly horsey tired."

This was the only time he ever attempted to leave the ranche all the while he was with me. He was not in favour with his brethren, having lost his pigtail; but I did not mind that, and I think he might have been with me now had he not asked me to pay him a month's wages in advance on one occasion, when I was so ill that both Sin and I thought it was more than probable that I should not be to the fore on next pay day.

There is a fairly diverse representation of nationalities out there. I remember that some Frenchmen had the next ranche to mine when first I came there. And fine trouble I had with that ranche, too, for when I took it, it had never been enclosed before, and anybody that pleased, and these Frenchmen in particular, had always exercised a right of way through. So, one day when I was riding about the ranche, I heard wheels, and saw a cart with four of these Frenchmen in it. They had come right past my house, through the gate, and were bearing right across the ranche. I rode up and asked them where they were going. They told me.

"Well," I said, "you can't go this way."

"How's that?" they asked.

"Why," I said, "it's enclosed now, and there's no gate through."

Well, they said they couldn't go back, now they had come so far, and they meant to go on whether they had to pull down the fence or no. And then they took up a gun from the bottom of the cart and pointed it at me. I had no weapons at all, and, besides, they were four to one, so of course I had nothing to say. They drove on, and I followed at a safe distance. When they came up to the fence they got out and began hacking it down; and then what did the fools do, but all four of them left the cart, and the gun in it, while they went to work to pull down my fence? I rode up to the cart and jumped in in a moment, and got the gun before they could get to it; and, once with the gun, I could dictate the terms. I gave my own horse a cut and sent him home, then unhitched the horse in the cart and drove away. The Frenchmen ran after me for a while, but

were afraid of the gun—their own gun—and after a time gave it up. I drove the cart home and put it up, and in a little while up came the Frenchmen ; well, “they must have their cart,” they said, “and they would go round any way I pleased.”

“Not till you’ve made up my fence again,” I said. I had my six-shooter with me, and my Mexicans about, by that time. For a long while they would not ; but at length they saw it was no use, and away they went. In an hour or so they were back, saying they had made up the fence again, and when I had sent down a Mexican to verify this, I gave them back their cart and their horse and their gun, after firing it off, and never had any further trouble with these neighbours.

It’s a good deal like a game of poker, the life out there. A great deal depends on “bluff”—on brag. Once let them think you are afraid of them, and you had better come home. Talk big and say you are going to do all sorts of things you have no intention of doing, and they will respect you.

Soon after I went there I had a lot of hogs stolen. So I got a search-warrant, and Shus, one of my Mexicans, a very good-plucked fellow, and I started to look for them. There was one part of the country there, where they were all hog thieves ; and Shus and I had a severe time of it. The worst house we went to, we reached early in the morning, and Shus said, speaking in Spanish, “Now that’s a terrible house, Captain, they all shoot there, the women as well as the men. If you mean going there you must make up your mind that you may have to pull on a woman, as well as a man.”

There was nobody stirring when we got there ; so Shus was to knock and burst open the back door, while I did the same at the front—it was no use to wait for an answer. Well, we just found ourselves facing each other, and nobody there, so Shus darted upstairs, and was down again in a moment with his hands full of shooters. Six of them he had, holding all their muzzles in one of his hands, while the other held his own. He had snatched them all off the table before any of those in the room had sufficiently realized the situation to make a jump for them.

We saw all the hogs they had, but ours were not there ; and one of the women of the house, indeed, gave me a hint which would have saved me a heap of trouble, if I had only followed it. “We are all hog thieves here, I know,” she said ; “but we

have not got your hogs, and you are come too far afield looking for them."

I never found those hogs; but neither did I ever have any more stolen from me. Afterwards I heard that they had been very much nearer home all the time.

Some of the Mexicans are fine fellows—unprincipled dogs, but capable of great personal devotion. I am speaking of the lower class ones, of course. The old Mexican families are aristocrats to the back-bone. My man, Shus, would have done anything for me, I believe; and what a smart, active fellow he was, and what a horseman! Shus would go at any time, divide a steer from the herd, gallop after him, seize him by the tail, and toss him over with a jerk. Then he would be off his horse and down among the steer's hind legs in a moment; and would have him tied, behind and before, in less time than it takes to tell it. Mind you, his horse was necessarily going full speed, or he could never have thrown the steer.

Then, he would cut the horse-hair ropes—the steer would become the hunter, and Shus would jump on his horse's back, and be off with the steer in hot pursuit of him.

All the business connected with stock-raising is conducted in a very rough-and-ready manner there. I wonder how the English farmers and butchers would like to make their bargains on estimates, formed by sight only, of the weight of stock? You cannot go about among a herd of more than half-wild cattle, and punch them in the ribs in the way you do in an English stock market. It is because they cannot dig each other with horns, they have not got, that we are so fond of the "muley cows," as they term the "Polled Angus" out there. They call them "muley cows" because their ears look so long and mule-like without horns to measure them by. However, these muley cows can take good enough care of themselves, for all they have no horns; for it seems to be a provision of nature that the horned cattle, when they fight, should always draw back and charge head to head, whereas the old muley cow goes dunting away at the other's ribs, and soon knocks him out of time. Of course, if the horned chaps went to work on the methods of the muley cows, they would stave a hole in each other that would let the life out. Speaking of making holes in each other, the men, too, are pretty free in their use of the "six-shooter," as they call it; though it is nothing like so bad as it used to be. Still, I have seen editors of rival newspapers firing away at each other, in broad



sunshine, across the main street of a city. They did not hit each other.

I remember a little man who was in some magisterial capacity—sheriff or something—in one of our cities, telling me of a curious experience he fell in with, once, when he was down in Arizona after a horse-thief. The Sheriff was a very quiet little fellow, as I knew him, but one, nevertheless, who would always rather fight than swallow an insult. He could not just give in, for the sake of peace and quiet, as most people would; but the very idea of being put upon always got his back up. I only mention this about the man's disposition to show my grounds of credence in the story he told me.

He was in Arizona, as I said; and, in search of his thief, he went into a low saloon, thinking he might perhaps hear some news of his man. There were a lot of men drinking, and he ordered a drink likewise. So, as they sat round, presently one great ruffianly fellow got up and, drawing a knife with a blade a foot and a half long, yelled out with a drunken mixture of desperation and bravado: "Is there any dog here who likes tea better than whisky? Do you? Or do you?" he said, going round the table and asking each in turn.

"Well," said my magisterial friend, in narrating the story, "I did not know whatever I should say to him, as each man in turn said he liked whisky best. I did not like the idea of being bullied by this fellow into saying a thing I did not want to—however true it was—and what to say to him when he came to me I was still uncertain, when, with his knife in the air, he repeated to my next neighbour—a dismal, wretched-looking fellow who had never spoken all the time—the same question—'Do you like tea best, you dog?'

"Yes, I do, you dog," replied the other savagely, simultaneously discharging two chambers of his six-shooter into the bully's body. He had got the pistol out while the fellow was coming round the table, and shot him as he bent over, without raising his hand.

"Yes," concluded the Sheriff reflectively, "it was a great relief to me."

"And what became of the man with the knife?" I asked.

"He? Oh he was dead."

"And did the other get off?"

"Oh, yes; they tried him next day—brought it in 'self-

defence'; they couldn't do any other. But," repeated he, "it was a great relief to me."

There's not much of that sort of thing, though, nowadays, thank goodness!—and usually it is only with fellows who have had too much drink. Then the revolvers are handy, and there is a row. I remember going down with a man I knew but slightly to S—— races; and in the course of the day some one came up to me and said:—"I say, your pal's got into a row at such and such a saloon. You'd better go and see him through."

"What's on, then?" I asked.

"Well," says he, "he's got out his six-shooter and he says he'll shoot the first man that moves, and they're all afraid of him."

"Well," I said, "he's nothing particular of a pal of mine."

"Oh," said the other, "isn't he? He came down with you, so I think you ought to go and get him out."

So, when he put it that way, I did not like to refuse. I got out my revolver before I opened the door of the saloon; and then I burst it open suddenly, and there was this fellow—really, it was very ridiculous, though no one there felt much like laughing at the time—but he was on one side of the table with his six-shooter out, facing all the fellows at the other side of the table. And they all had their hands up, for he was threatening to shoot the first man that moved.

I got my pistol levelled on him the moment I came in; and there we stood facing each other, and the others looking on. I wonder they did not take that chance to shoot him, but none of them moved. Then I said: "Put down that pistol and come out of the room."

He did not speak, or change his attitude.

I said, "If you do not put down that pistol and come away by the time I count three, I shall shoot you."

Still he made no sign, and I began to count—"One!—"

He did not move.

"Two!"—still he did not move.

"Now," I said, "when I count 'three' I shall shoot, and if I shoot I mean to kill you. You may kill me, perhaps, but anyway, I shall have plenty of time to kill you."

When I said that he began to think I was in earnest. Personally I hardly knew whether I was in earnest or not; but at all events, he suddenly put down his pistol and followed me

out quite good. "It was a great relief to me," as the Sheriff would have said.

That fellow became a very good friend to me afterwards. He never forgot my getting him out of that trouble.

But for the most part the life is quiet enough. A gallop round the ranche when an occasional horse thief or hog thief is on the prowl, and a few flashes of pistols, fired at venture in the dark, are about all we see of warfare. Most of the incidents of our life are humorous. Horses are amusing fellows when you get intimate with them. They are full of humour. I think they learn it from men, when they are treated as friends and equals, as they are out there. I remember once hitching up—purely for form's sake—an old mare that you might have left standing in the middle of a battle. I had only just chucked the halter over the rail in a loose fashion, and, to my surprise, when I came out of the house, old Eda was gone. I followed her tracks along beside the fence; noticed that she had not stopped to graze or anything; and as I came round the bend of a hill I saw her. A tallish young colt had hold of the end of the halter in his teeth, and was going along with his tail in the air and his crest arching, stepping up in a slow, marching-time trot, while old Eda hung back, dragging on the halter in a conscience-stricken way as if really uncertain which way her duty lay. I called out, and the young rogue dropped the halter and galloped off with a snort, laughing to himself like anything over the joke, while old Eda pulled up and waited for me to come up to her.

Colts are as inquisitive, too, as monkeys. I nearly lost one through this trait in their character. Several of my best bred horses were playing about on the ranche near the house, when one young colt got hold of a sack that was lying there, and began throwing it about. In one of his chucks it caught over his ears, and then, as he threw up his head, it slipped down over his head and neck. In a moment all the others stopped feeding, and looked at him; then they gave one simultaneous snort of terror, threw their tails in the air, and dashed off at full gallop. Poor David (David was the colt's name), with the sack over his eyes blindly galloped off after the sound of their stampeding hoofs. After going at least two hundred yards the band pulled up short took another look at their masked comrade, and then, with another snort, off again! And here were all my most valuable thoroughbreds stampeding in blind terror—one of them literally blindfold—over ground honeycombed with squirrel-holes and broken with sun-cracks.

What was to be done? Shus wanted to gallop after David, and lasso him, but it is very delicate work lassoing a horse and throwing him so as not to injure him. At length, however, I concluded there was nothing else for it, when, suddenly, David put down his head and the sack slipped off. Again—"It was a great relief to me."

And if horses are humorous, hogs are certainly comic. I used to raise great numbers of hogs, having a contract to supply them for the feeding of the gangs—of Chinamen, chiefly—engaged in making the railways. I remember, on one occasion, sending into town a young fellow, of good English family, who took service under me as a common labourer, with a cartload of assorted samples of pig anatomy. Forty chines, I think, there were, which, split up, make eighty jowls—eighty spareribs, and so on. Well, this young fellow had a young lady in town whom he was very much gone on; so nothing would do for him as he drove in with his freight of pork, but he must put on a black hat, black coat, polish up his boots, and altogether look quite city like. He left the cart outside, while he went in to see his beloved, and quite forgot to hitch up the horse, so that his interview was cut short by the sound of the horse and cart at full gallop down the main street, scattering jowls and spareribs in all directions. He was very penitent, poor fellow! but it was hard on the Chinamen to come on short rations because of his being so badly in love.

Finally, if you come out on a rancho you must not expect to be valeted and put to bed, and dressed and shaved, and your boots polished, and your clothes brushed, and so on, in the morning. One fellow came to stay with me out there under something of that impression, and the first evening he put out his boots. In the morning he came down in his stockings—by the bye he had seemed much surprised over night to hear there was no regulation hour for breakfast—and asked about his boots. I called Ah Sin. He had not seen them, he said at first—but at last a happy idea struck him:—"Me sabee. Me see littly dog—him ketch heapy boot in him mouth."

The fact was that one of my young dogs had run away with the boots to play with them, and we never recovered anything but the heel of one of them—we were not sure which! My guest had expected a knock at his door:—"Hot water, Sir! Boots, Sir!"

We do not live that way, out on a rancho; but I can tell you there are many worse ways of life, all the same.

## A Counsel of Perfection.

BY LUCAS MALET.

AUTHOR OF "COLONEL ENDERBY'S WIFE," "MRS. LORIMER," ETC.



### CHAPTER VI.

"'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,  
And matter enough to save one's own :  
Yet think of my friend, and the burning coals  
He played with for bits of stone !"

THE *casino* at Interlaken is not magnificent, but it is amusing ; particularly in the evening.—In brilliant relief against the surrounding and overarching darkness, a semicircle of fantastic gaily-coloured wooden buildings ; running along the front of them a wide open gallery crowded with moving figures ; halfway from the centre, on either side, a flight of low stone steps leading down on to a gravelled *parterre*, that fills up the space enclosed on three sides by the building, and is thickly set with iron-topped tables surrounded with iron chairs ; in front a stone balustrade, banked up with geraniums, foliage plants, and pomegranates in large pots, whose flowers show like tongues of living flame amongst their shining leaves.—All this in a blaze of light. And then an intervening broad, straight space of dimness, also peopled with moving figures ; in the middle of it and facing the buildings and *parterre*, a vividly illuminated wooden cave, wherein a company of stout Germans—in the national costume of overcoat and woollen comforter—handling gleaming instruments, discourse sweet music in response to the conducting of an energetic silhouette, whose back is lamentably suggestive of that of a large blackbeetle.

In the gallery, and seated in the chairs on the *parterre*, a, for the most part, silent multitude,—Latin, Anglo-Saxon and



Teutonic—consuming a little coffee and a vast amount of bottled beer. Stepping about from one table to another, bare-headed maidens, of very varying degrees of beauty, arrayed in the quaint Bernese costume,—white-winged sleeves and black velvet bodices, with dangling silver chains crossing the chest and fastened with filigree *marguerites* on either shoulder; straight black skirts, just touching the ground all round; and wide silk aprons, on the coloured surface of which the lamplight shivers as the wearers of them move. On either hand the orchestral cave, darkness again; through which in the foreground loom masses of foliage, but, which further off deepens, and broadens, and spreads upward, and over, and around, closing in this frivolous little island of life, and light, and sound, and gaiety as with a sea of impenetrable gloom.

The above scene, as the August days went by, became very familiar to Lydia Casteen. At first she had been slightly shocked by it. For her admirable ignorance included an ignorance of most places of public entertainment; and she had gone through something of a struggle, to overcome a modest shrinking and a vague fear that she was guilty of doing what was "very fast," before she could sit at her ease beside an iron-topped table among so many unknown human creatures, listening to the conversation of Hammond and Mr. Denison—the latter gentleman's wife found the *casino* too plebeian, and preferred the aristocratic privacy of Lady Louisa Barking's sitting-room,—or to the strangely beguiling strains of Weber, Wagner, Mozart and other members of the goodly company of musical immortals poured forth by the band.

In addition to more innocent forms of amusement, it is possible to lose or win—usually the former—quite a tidy little sum of money nightly at the Interlaken *casino*, over a mechanical pastime, commonly known as *Petits Chevaux*. A bell tinkles, and sportive spirits in most unsportmanslike garments, troop from all quarters towards the left hand end of the semicircle of gingerbread-like buildings. The *croupier*, sleek, bald-headed, astute, indifferent, hands about an instrument resembling a small warming-pan, garnished round the edge with coloured tickets and soon filled with stakes. A smart click, and the absurd little horses glide round and round the circle of their green cloth race-course with startling velocity for about a minute and a half. Then the pace slackens. They are pretty well spent. One or two of them put on a minute spurt. But soon all become

exhausted, and ever more exhausted, little horses; till each in turn comes to the place called stop—happy if the place in question should bear any near relation to the winning post.

It is—if the vulgarism may be forgiven us—a feeble, little gamble. But, such as it is, it exercised a positive spell over Mr. Denison. Let me hasten to add that it was out of no spirit of covetousness, but rather out of an earnest spirit of reform that, almost nightly, he attended this miniature race meeting, dropping a franc, from time to time, into the *croupier's* warming-pan to justify his continued occupation of a seat in the front row of the grand stand. For this mild and virtuous gentleman had really a terrible nose for abuses. He would smell one out in the apparently purest and most salubrious atmosphere. Once on the scent, there was no rest for his soul till the said abuse was run to earth, hauled out, and exposed.

In the present case he could not decide how far the little horses were individually under the control of their exhibitor, how far the winning was a matter of honest and unadulterated chance. The immediate consequence of this small mania was that it secured to Hammond the opportunity of some very interesting interviews with Miss Casteen; interviews seasoned with that peculiarly personal note which can hardly fail to be sounded, when a man and woman find themselves together surrounded by a non-English speaking crowd.

One evening—it was a Tuesday, and Lydia had been at Interlaken just upon a fortnight—Mr. Denison was startled, in the midst of a fiery denunciation of the palpable iniquity of certain public utterances of a distinguished member of the Conservative party, by the seductive tinkle of the *croupier's* little bell. He arose and incontinently fled; his loosely made person wriggling itself between, or precipitating itself upon, intervening obstacles, animate and inanimate, and flinging itself up the flight of steps in the direction of the little gambling purgatory—we really cannot dignify it by the technical and more infernal appellation—driven headlong by the gadfly of discovery, public denunciation, and eventual reform.

Hammond, left sitting peacefully at a small table beside Miss Casteen sipping his coffee and *cognac*, contemplated the gymnastic violences of his friend in growing amusement. Then he set down his cup, and addressed his companion.

“What a queer creature he is! If I had to define Denison, I

should say he was one-fourth angel, and three-fourths unmitigated bore."

Miss Casteen had also witnessed the flight of the ardent abuse-hunter with entertainment. She smiled as she answered :—

"But he is wonderfully kind."

"Oh, yes! The angelic element is constant though limited. You can depend upon it. That is where he is so greatly superior to his wife."

Lydia's smile faded. She looked slightly pained.

A few days earlier she would probably have entered a severe protest against this assertion; but she was beginning, almost unconsciously, to allow Hammond a good deal of latitude in criticism, just as she allowed him a good deal of license in the use of tobacco. She had been brought up to abhor smoking, but the scent of his cigarettes was by no means odious to her. One by one, indeed, quite a number of small prejudices were slipping away from Lydia Casteen. The category of the forbidden and the feared was growing shorter and shorter. She was dimly aware that Hammond was intimately connected, somehow, with this shrinking process. It was not disagreeable to her that he should be so. Lydia, as we know, had a remarkable power of faith in, and submission to, others. Was it very strange, then—to put it on no more sentimental grounds—that she should, just now, when awaking to a sense of the largeness of the possibilities of life and the smallness of her own experience, listen with increasing deference to the utterances of the pleasantest and most modern-minded man she had ever met?

And so it came about that when Hammond preferred his accusation against Mrs. Denison, Lydia, instead of bustling up in that lady's defence, looked at him rather anxiously and then said, gently :—

"I wish, please, you would not say that before me."

"Oh, well! my dear Miss Casteen; but is she dependable now?" Hammond inquired argumentatively. "Since the advent of the man with the gold ring, in the form of Lady Louisa Barking, are not such small deer as ourselves quite at a discount? Personally, Heaven knows, I bear no malice. I am rather relieved. But relief does not extinguish my power of observation, you know."

"I do not like Lady Louisa Barking," Lydia said, with some dignity.

"Of course you don't. She is one of those semi-smart people who are possessed of a large leaven of a specially irritating kind of vulgarity. But look at our dear Mrs. Denison—does she dislike it? Not a bit. She revels in it—simply revels."

Lydia was silent for a little while. Presently she rejoined, quietly:—

"I think we had better not discuss Mrs. Denison. It is not quite right for me to do so. But for her, I should not have come abroad. In bringing me, she did me an incalculable kindness."

"And provided herself with a delightful travelling companion at the same time," put in Hammond. "Mrs. Denison's charity appears to me pre-eminently of the description which begins at home, Miss Casteen. For we all know she is wofully bored at being alone with her husband."

Hammond pushed the tray bearing his coffee-cup and *petit verre* on to the middle of the little table, and busied himself with selecting a cigarette out of his case and lighting it. "I know you don't mind," he observed parenthetically. Then he returned to the former subject of his discourse:—

"Upon my word, it appears to me, Miss Casteen, the kindness was quite calculable, not to say calculated. Just look at the way you have been allowed to waste your time here! What have you seen? Where have you been to? Why, with some of the finest scenery in Switzerland within comparatively easy reach, you have been permitted to tire yourself by tramping along the very dustiest roads,—Denison acting as 'running lecturer' all the way, and delivering himself of wearisomeness extraordinary on the subject of Ireland or the poor law. Or, worse still, you have been taken for dottlely little drives of a peculiarly fruitless nature, with the great Barking in the seat of honour, waving the banner of the house of Fallowfeild to the entire obscuring of any view of the mountains you might have happened to catch in passing."

Hammond perpetrated this fine piece of vicarious grumbling in a tone of absolute good-temper—for he had a faculty of being slightly abusive in fact, without in the least losing his air of invincible amiability.

Still his words were distressing to Lydia. She leant forward, and stretched out her hand, halfway across the little table, as though wanting to stop him. Her eyes had a charming softness of appeal in them, as she said:—

"Ah, don't spoil what has made me so very happy by picking it all to pieces!"

Lydia drew back her hand, still leaning a little forward, and looked away in the direction of the orchestral cave, where the performers were tuning up their instruments after an interval of leg-stretching and refreshment, before commencing the second half of the programme.

"Surely it is ungracious," she went on, "to fix one's attention on little, perhaps unavoidable, failures and lapses in somebody's conduct towards one? If one looks at almost anything as a whole it has merit and beauty of its own; but if you focus your eyes so as to get an accurate view of all the spots, and blemishes, and imperfections, of course you cease to see the whole and the beauty it possesses. There is always the large view, the large way—don't you think so—of looking at every event, at every character—and the small one?"

She hesitated, and then turned to Hammond with a charming, half-deprecating playfulness.

"Isn't there something just a little mean in taking the smaller one? Don't try, Mr. Hammond, to make me dissatisfied either with my friends or my holiday. If I was called home to my quiet life in England again to-morrow, the memory of this fortnight would always remain by me as——"

Lydia left her sentence unfinished.

"You who have seen so much cannot quite measure all that this fortnight has been to me. The sort of glamour there has been over it—the change, the beautiful scenery, the new thoughts and ideas, the—freedom," she added, very gently.

"God forbid that I should spoil it!" Hammond said quickly.

He had ceased to be merely amused. He was moved by very genuine admiration. This woman seemed to him deeply attractive in her quiet gratitude, her unselfishness, her gracious delicacy of thought and feeling. He looked full into her eyes; and then, in obedience to a sudden impulse, asked her—

"Have I helped, in any way, to make the fortnight pass pleasantly, Miss Casteen? I can't tell you how glad I should be to have reason to believe that I had contributed my mite, at least."

Lydia looked back at him with her perfectly candid gaze. She was smiling. But Hammond fancied her lips quivered a little as she tried to answer him.

Just then the clarionets, bassoons, and horns gave out the



grave opening bars of the overture to the *Tannhauser*. Miss Casteen shook her head, still smiling, as though the words she wished to speak were impossible of utterance. She leaned back in her chair and let her hands drop in her lap.

"Ah! listen," she said.

But Antony Hammond was a good deal more interested in his companion than in the unfolding of the purpose of Wagner's great opera. And so, as the strings—the tenors and violoncellos—took up the sobbing cry of aspiration and half-defeated endeavour, rising, in the pathos of its questioning and pleading, till it culminates in the wailing heart-rending sweetness of the violin passage, Hammond watched Miss Casteen.

The light of the lamps fell full and searchingly upon her face, her quiet little bonnet, her slim maidenly black figure. She sat very still; it seemed to him she had grown unusually pale. Her head was raised and her mouth slightly open. The music evidently exercised a strong, almost painful, fascination over her. And, while the white-sleeved maidens moved silently to and fro amid the throng, while corks popped, and coin chinked, and lusty, benevolent-looking, romantic-souled Germans grunted a most unromantic approval both of the progression of sweet sounds and of the beer, Lydia gazed away over the crowded *parterre* immediately before her, and the white stone balustrade and bank of foliage—brilliant with geranium and pomegranate blossoms—out into the heavy brooding darkness beyond.

And in that darkness, as the harmonies grew fuller, richer, more imperious, mounting up and up, till the clamorous thunder of them breaks suddenly—as in a shower of fiery rain—in to the tripping, bewildering, evil delights of the Venus music upon the violins,—the resonant masculine tones of the wind-instruments meanwhile once more taking up the solemn, flesh-and-devil-defying tramp of the Pilgrims' Chorus,—Lydia seemed to see, as in a vision, the possibility of her being called on, at no very far-distant date, to make a great moral choice.

For she was aware of the claims of a being, sad striving, urgent, in a way tempted and grievously tormented as *Tannhauser* himself. A lean, bowed, old man—the slave, it is true, of no carnal, ignoble passion, yet the slave of passion all the same; a man worn and strained by unremitting labour; a miser of time, lest any moment of any of the brief measure of days yet remaining to him should be wasted as it passed; lonely and unloving, shut away by his own will and determined choice from all

tenderness of sympathy ; consumed by a terrible intellectual greed ; cut off, as by a wall of ice, from the kindly and yet chastening influences of common human service and fellowship. The picture was a sufficiently painful one. Lydia's heart cried out against her father's cold apartness—against the barren and joyless existence to which he had condemned himself, and, in a degree, had condemned her also.

And yet she pitied him—pitied him, indeed, with a depth of compassion such as she had never felt before. He lost so much—and there she paused, in quick dismay and inward shrinking. For what, after all, had she found, in these last two sunny weeks, that made his loss seem to her so lamentably great ?—Lydia did not dare to ask herself quite plainly. And even had she asked herself, she was too innocent, ignorant if you will, to answer clearly. For all the unsatisfied desire of her emotional nature—and of her physical nature also—all the latent motherhood that lay folded in her heart, as some fair blossom within the bud, had awoke silently, gradually, its eyelids touched at last with the light of a delicious dawning of unconscious love and hope.

Was it wrong ? Lydia Casteen could not tell. She did not understand herself. Had she wished to do so, she could not have put into words that which she was conscious of experiencing. It seemed to her as though the spring had come—an unlooked-for, enchanted spring—come suddenly, in the midst of dim dreary autumn weather ; that the leaves had turned to tender green again instead of falling ; that the cuckoo called, and the hawthorn flowered, and the young wind swept in whispering laughter over the fragrant levels of the meadow grass. For in the awakening of Love Lydia Casteen's heart was no less pure than it had been during his long slumber.

And yet, somehow, as the fiery shower of the sensuous Venus music fell thick and faster from the quick bows of the violin-players, Antony Hammond, sitting near Miss Casteen—only half the circumference of the small table parting them—saw her draw back, raise her hands momentarily, as though alarmed and startled, while her pale upturned face was dyed by a sudden deep flush of colour.

The effect was singular. Hammond would have given a good deal to know what it indicated ; but there are questions, happily, which even the least snubbable of men does not quite dare to ask. The flush on Miss Casteen's face faded ; the

spell which the music had exerted over her was evidently broken.

Hammond dropped the end of his cigarette on to the tray beside him.

"Miss Casteen," he said, quickly, "what shall you do when you go back, when the little holiday is over?"

Lydia shifted her position slightly.

"Oh! I shall have arrears of work to make up. I am by no means an idle person. Indeed, sometimes, in moments of vanity, I have fancied myself almost indispensable to the well-being of our small household and family."

"And to the heresies of the first five centuries?" put in Hammond.

"No," she answered, looking across at him, and speaking with a certain gravity. "I believe I am not indispensable to the well-being of my father's work. Were it so, I should have done very wrong in leaving him."

Lydia turned her head and fixed her eyes on the brooding darkness again.

"I am merely hands and eyes to my father," she went on. "I do not ask to be anything more. A woman should be content to be a helper—just to save a little here and there and pick up a few dropped stitches; to do what she is told, and be at hand when she is wanted; to act as a breakwater between the real workers and the little daily cares and worries that might otherwise disturb and distract them. This is her vocation and her business—what she was put into the world for."

Lydia pressed her lips together with a singular air of determination, and then looked round at Hammond with one of her pretty smiles.

"It is very well for us to remind ourselves of all this at times," she said. "We are apt to grow a little uppish, to cry out for independence, and to forget it."

"Oh, forget it altogether," he exclaimed—"it is an effete superstition! We have changed all that, thank goodness. The modern spirit, with all its faults and extravagances, at least has recognized this truth—that every human creature, man, woman, and child alike, has a right to itself, to its own individuality, to the full development of its own nature."

"I know very little about the modern spirit," Miss Casteen returned, still smiling. "I am no longer young, and I had better continue to know very little about it. It might confuse

me. It will be better, I think, Mr. Hammond, for me to keep my faith in the effete superstition."

"Ah! I shouldn't have expected that of you," Hammond said, lightly. "You are sadly wanting in courage."

He rose to his feet as he spoke. The flush came into Miss Casteen's face again, and she pressed her hands tightly together as they lay in her lap. Yet she looked up very calmly and sweetly at the man who stood beside her.

"I don't know," she said, simply—"I may be mistaken; but I could almost believe I had too much, rather than too little, courage—for my own happiness, at least."

Hammond made no answer. At the moment he was non-plussed. For, as Miss Casteen spoke, he read something in her clear eyes which had never been read there by any man before. It was an avowal. But in its purity and unconscious dignity it fairly staggered him. Before he could recover himself, Lydia had risen too.

"Here is Mr. Denison," she said. And then, as that gentleman—running into everybody and begging everybody's pardon to right and left—came up to her, his hat stuck at an impossible angle on the back of his head, she greeted him quite gaily:—

"Has the quest been successful? Have you made any notable discovery to-night?"

The last bars of the great overture—the prayer of the Faithful still struggling to make itself heard amid the whirling storm of lawless suggestion—vibrated on the warm night air, as Miss Casteen and her two companions made their way, from the blazing lamp-lights of the gay little *casino*, into the clinging dimness of the gardens beyond;—Mr. Denison's tones of mournful remonstrance, meanwhile, rising in strange contrast to those moving and majestic sounds.

"If it is so, it is fraudulent, you know—really little short of criminal," he said. "I—er—I'm sure I beg you pardon, Miss Casteen! After the light back there it is so difficult to make out where one is walking—I trust I didn't hurt you!—The local authorities ought to interfere. It is simply a barefaced swindle—utterly abominable! But then, unfortunately, I cannot be quite certain. You really must come and study it too, Hammond. You're very quick in observation; and you might hit upon some minor indication that has escaped my notice and which might settle it. It really has become rather a point of honour with me, you know. The thing is important, of course—you see

that, Hammond?—and I really don't feel justified in leaving it undetermined."

Here the speaker lurched against Miss Casteen again.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, stopping short. "The darkness is really very inconvenient and annoying. They ought to light these paths better. It is just one of these penny-wise, pound-foolish arrangements that some one ought to take up, and speak or write about. There are many more lamps than are actually required back there, you know—all that illumination is showy, tawdry—simply tawdry. And then the rest of the place is left in this perfectly cut-throat darkness! It amounts to being dangerous.—But as to that other matter, you know, Hammond," he added, moving forward again, "of course, it touches me rather nearly, because if the winning is *bonâ fide*, really governed by chance, I am doing that *croupier* an atrocious injustice."

Hammond slipped his arm through Mr. Denison's. It seemed the most practical means of keeping him in the straight path, and preventing any more cannonading against Miss Casteen.

"My dear fellow," he said, "pray don't exercise yourself about injustice to the *croupier*. His skin is pretty thick, I imagine, by this time, whether he jockeys his little horses a bit too cleverly or not. And then he will remain in a state of beatific ignorance—he'll never know it. Unless indeed, failing the righteous joys of a public exposure, you propose treating us to the pathetic and edifying spectacle of a public apology."

Mr. Denison wriggled severely. He feared Antony Hammond's moral tone was deplorably low; and it was only in deference to a mighty effort of his angelic fourth that he abstained from saying so.

"Meanwhile," Hammond went on, as they passed out between the high iron gates of the gardens into the wide roadway—"meanwhile, you know, Miss Casteen has seen uncommonly little of the mountains, and the days are slipping away; I have been talking to her about it this evening. She ought to be compelled to turn her attention to the beauties of nature, and do the local sights, Denison. I have a proposal to make. If it is fine to-morrow, and I can get a tidy pair of horses, what do you say to our all going up to Lauterbrunnen? Are you good for an expedition, Miss Casteen?"

It was the first time Hammond had addressed her since that curiously personal moment some ten minutes before.



There was a pause before Lydia spoke, while a carriage with lights suddenly emerged from the darkness behind them, and rolled on heavily under the great walnut-trees, bringing their rich foliage with sudden glittering relief against the surrounding obscurity.

"I should very much like to go," she said. "But we will consult Mrs. Denison first, please."

"I am sure my wife will be only too glad, Miss Casteen," put in Mr. Denison—though without any superabundant ring of conviction in his voice.

Lydia turned to Hammond.

"It is very kind of you to have thought of this," she said.

"Ah! I am determined to contribute my mite," he answered, smiling. "You were hard-hearted, you know; you made that tiresome music an excuse for not answering my question—so I have to take other means of making quite sure."

## CHAPTER VII.

"Scholars are men of peace, they bear no Arms, but their tongues are sharper than Actus his Razor; their Pens carry further and give a louder report than Thunder; I had rather stand the shock of a Basilico than the fury of a merciless Pen."

Fortune, so it seemed, was disposed to smile benignly upon Hammond's little pleasure-party next day. The morning was as clear as crystal—one of those crisp, tonic mornings on which nature has an effect of absolutely victorious youth, freshness, and vigour; one of those memorable, invigorating mornings which on the near side of five-and-forty, while the circulation is still pretty quick and the digestive organs in fairly good working order, dispose one to snap one's fingers at old age, decay, death, and other such small disagreeables incident to mortal existence, as palpably ridiculous fables; and pronounce this—with a comfortable touch of inward straddle and swagger—to be, unquestionably, quite the best of all possible worlds.

The carriage was large and easy. The horses were more than tidy, they were excellent. They trotted along the wide white roads, between the fragrant hay-meadows,—the peasant proprietor in the immediate neighbourhood of Interlaken has a meritorious habit of haymaking during half the year;—past Gsteig and its high-standing white church and quaint covered

wooden bridge across the Lüttschine ; past Mülinen,—over the carved galleries and stairways of whose handsome *châlets* vines and great gourds, with rough leaves and yellow-green fruit, cling and clamber right up to the generous outward sweep of the deep eaves ; past rich flowery glades, where the herds of piebald goats feed and are yelled at incessantly by remarkably ragged small boys in the vilest German *patois* ; and past the mystic pine-woods, the horses trotted away,—the road climbing slowly, surely, ever higher and higher—trotted solidly, steadily on their broad hoofs into the heart of the rather paralysing splendours of the Lauterbrunnen Valley, with a cheery little jingle of bells.

Mrs. Denison had by no means refused to be of the party. Even ladies who aspire most earnestly to social distinction have their small economies ; and Mrs. Denison invariably thought twice before rejecting an invitation to participate in any pleasure when a friend volunteered to stand treat. Hammond sat opposite to her, on the back seat of the large *berline*. She was in her most gracious and communicative humour, and confided to him a host of interesting particulars regarding Lady Louisa Barking and the numerous noble families to whom that illustrious person was allied.

Hammond listened with a praiseworthy appearance of attention ; but he managed to let his eyes rest pretty constantly on Lydia Casteen. He had an agreeable consciousness of an undercurrent of excitement in watching Miss Casteen. His relation to her was, at one and the same time, singularly intimate and singularly undetermined. The balance hung perfectly even—so it appeared to him. The chances of progression and retrogression in his friendship—to call it by no more tender name—with Miss Casteen were precisely equal. Every facility seem likely to be afforded him for going forward, if he elected to do so ; yet there was, so far, no obstruction in the rear. If he so pleased, he was still free to go back. The situation tickled Hammond's imagination ; it was supremely to his taste.

And Miss Casteen was very well worth watching just now. There was a tender gaiety, a graceful sprightliness about her, delightfully in keeping with the pure radiant aspect of the day. For my poor Lydia could not pretend to be *blasée*. Considering her antecedents, that would have been rather too transparent a fraud. She was sadly unversed in conventional mysteries of behaviour, and had never learnt that it is "bad form"—derogatory to your personal dignity and culpably weak-

mind— to be moved by what is beautiful, or to let your companions see that you are enjoying yourself when you are doing so. And just now circumstances furnished Lydia with a vast amount of enjoyment. Her whole being responded in simple gladness to the fair morning and the glorious panorama of river, wood, and mountain unfolding itself before her. Then the fact that this expedition had been planned by Hammond with a special view to her satisfaction contributed, it must be owned, not a little to her happiness. Lydia had no intentions, no schemes. It never entered her simple head to be on the lookout for indications upon his part of peculiar interest in herself. I think it may be asserted that this woman was about as devoid of vanity as a woman can well be. But Hammond's kindness supplied her with an opportunity for gratitude, and Miss Casteen's was one of those rare natures to which gratitude is neither a burden nor an embarrassment, but a pure and honest joy.

It is a pity that moral worth so frequently goes with a fine power of being tiresome. Mr. Denison, disregarding the protests of his wife and of Antony Hammond, had entirely refused to start until the English post had come in; and had finally projected himself into the carriage armed with a two-days-old *Times*—which he instantly tore open, greatly to the damage of the leading article,—and with a prodigious bundle of letters, which, in his struggles with the newspaper, he kept on sowing broadcast over the bottom of the vehicle and recovering, with many agitated apologies, from under Hammond's feet and the petticoats of the two ladies.

"The dear Grand Lama has such a wonderful gift for spilling everything, you know," Mrs. Denison murmured, breaking off suddenly in the midst of a thrilling Barking episode.

And the momentary flutter of her eyelids, beneath the brown gauze veil enveloping her travelling hat, appeared to Hammond to give a rather ironical flavour to the affectionate adjective employed.

Her husband, however, was, as usual, remarkably unconscious of conjugal criticism. And when he had devoured the contents of his *Times*, with sundry outbursts of indignation and a truly ogreish appetite, he proceeded to make a savage assault upon his letters,—leaving a perfect trail of disembowelled envelopes, addressed to Albert Denison, Esq., to mark the passage of the large *berline* through the stately pine-forest.

"I don't understand this," he said presently; "I don't understand it in the least. 'My daughter, who at your invitation'—er, what is this?—'by the hand of my coadjutor, Mr. Morgan——' There must be some mistake! This letter can't be intended for me. They have given me one of somebody else's letters. How exceedingly careless! I really must make a complaint to the manager about it. And the worst of it is the error can't be rectified till this evening. Where is the envelope? It begins 'My dear sir'—that tells me nothing. But I might make out something from the envelope. My dear Emily, I beg your pardon, but did you happen to see if I threw away the envelope?"

"And of course dear Lady Louisa was dreadfully annoyed, don't you know," Mrs. Denison, was saying in her most impressive voice, leaning forward, and swaying her comfortable shoulders, as she addressed Hammond. "She told me the Duchess turned to her immediately, and said most kindly——"

But what the Duchess said, alas! was fated, for the present at all events, to remain a mystery; for here Mr. Denison spread himself across the carriage and drummed humbly, but determinately, with his closed fist upon his wife's knee.

"Look here, my dear Emily," he said—"look here—that idiotic *concierge* has given me some one else's letters. It is an unpardonable bit of carelessness. Did you happen to see if I threw away the envelope? It might serve as a clue."

"Envelope—what envelope? The Sultan really becomes so extremely vague! I have not the faintest idea what you are talking about, Albert. What is the matter?"

"They've given me somebody else's letter, I tell you, Emily," lamented the excellent man. "That *concierge* ought to be dismissed. It is infamous to put me in such a position, to oblige me to open letters that don't belong to me! And, if the envelope is gone, how are we to find the owner?"

Mrs. Denison sunk back, and folded her hands with a slight shrug and a glance at Hammond—as of one who has very, very much to bear.

"My dear Sultan, how dreadfully fussing you are!" she said. "Perhaps it isn't somebody else's letter. Read it through, Albert; read it through."

"No, no," he cried; "I really cannot go as far as that. It begins with a Mr. Morgan. I know no one of the name of Morgan. It would be dishonourable, it would be absolutely

ungentlemanlike—you agree with me there, don't you, Hammond?—to read it through."

During this discussion Miss Casteen had sat silent. The enormous precipices of the Black Monk—the dazzling snows of the Jungfrau piled up to heaven above them—had come into view. In the middle distance sunny beech and larch woods—showing like a sudden outbreak of laughter against the sombre mountain pines—clothed a promontory formed by a sharp bend in the course of the river, whose waters—opaque grey, for the most part, as a cat's eye—were here streaked and capped with white, as they swirled round the spit of land and dashed over the great boulders. The sprightliness had passed from Miss Casteen's expression, and had given place to a wondering gravity which Hammond approved as extremely becoming. It suited her style. Some people, as he reflected, look exceedingly silly when they wonder. Miss Casteen did not look silly in the least.

And, indeed, the purity and silence of that glittering upper-world of eternal snow and frost, the enduring strength of those tremendous walls, those mighty buttressed fortresses of rock, even to-day under the smiling, cloudless summer sky, were almost appalling to her. Nature, here, assumed a pomp and circumstance, a majesty and supremacy, such as she, born and bred among the monotonous domesticity of the English Midlands, had never imagined. Lydia was better versed in early polemics than in late poets; her acquaintance with the melodious numbers in which the modern world is pleased to celebrate its appreciation of the aspects of the material universe was limited. And so it happened that her reverent awe found mental expression in the words of the old Hebrew hymn, which calls upon all forces, all living creatures, all trees and beasts, storm and wind, seas, floods, hail, frost, fire, and vapours, earth below, heaven above, stars, sun and moon—and last and greatest, because most conscious of His everlasting mercy, "the spirits and souls of the righteous," to praise and magnify their Creator for ever.

It seemed to Lydia she was entering a holy of holies. She longed, in her simplicity, to kneel down and worship.

Oh! poor, dear Lydia, these flights are not wholly wise! They lead to moments of acute unreasonableness. For it is a long step from the "Song of the Three Children" to the attitude of mind of the ordinary, contemporary, human animal,—a step so long that it cannot be taken without a dislocating strain and jar. The large open carriage; Mrs. Denison's air of



society and anecdotes of duchesses; Mr. Denison, with his *Times* and his letters; Hammond—well, Miss Casteen missed Hammond out of her mental denunciation, somehow, with unconscious adroitness—seemed to her a blot and an impertinence in the midst of this stupendous scenery. The incongruity of the situation distressed her. She had a sudden perception of the inherent vulgarity of what we are pleased to call civilization. She withdrew into herself with a sense of shame. She seemed to be assisting in the commission of sacrilege—keeping bank-holiday in a church, so to speak, eating *entrées* off an altar.

She tried to forget two, at least, of her companions and to be deaf to their chatter. But the said chatter asserted itself; it waxed louder. Mr. Denison's reiteration of the name Morgan arrested her attention; and as he waved the letter to and fro she could not help catching sight of the handwriting. Lydia ceased reciting the *Benedicite*. She received a very unpleasant little shock. A cloud came up between her and all this outward splendour and beauty. Her heart sank.

She leaned forward, taking hold rather tightly of the top of the carriage-door, and addressed Mr. Denison.

"Look at the signature, please," she said. "The name of the curate at Marston is Edgar Morgan. He kindly undertook to act as my father's secretary during my absence, and it may be from him."

"Ah! yes—dear Dr. Casteen's curate, nice little Mr. Morgan, with the immense ears, don't you know. Of course, Albert. How stupid of us to forget him!" commented Mrs. Denison.

Her husband turned the letter over and examined it.

"You are perfectly right, Miss Casteen," he said. "It is from Mr. Morgan. I am extremely obliged to you—you have extricated me from a most awkward predicament."

Lydia's fingers closed hard on the top of the carriage-door. She had a premonition of trouble.

"Please tell me if it contains any bad news," she said. "I would much rather know it at once."

"Bad news, my sweetest Lydia, why on earth should it contain bad news?" Mrs. Denison broke in playfully. "Dear Dr. Casteen was just as well as usual when you came away, you know. And he leads such a perfectly regular life—you know what I mean—is so well looked after, don't you know, and all that sort of thing; and hardly ever stirs out of his study,

and takes such great care of himself, that, really what can happen?"

Miss Casteen made no answer. There was an uncomfortable silence, during which Mr. Denison finished reading the letter, fidgeting, as he neared the end, more and more inordinately.

"Oh! er—really, Miss Casteen—er, really," he said, in his most remonstrative manner, looking any and everywhere except at the person he addressed. "Upon my word this puts me in a very difficult position. I really don't quite know what to do. It is exceedingly uncomfortable for me to be made the medium of such a communication. Pray forgive me."

Mr. Denison looked at her at last, and there was a certain pathos in the expression of his mild eyes.

"I am afraid this communication may—will—in fact, will be painful to you, Miss Casteen. Your father is perfectly well—apparently; at least, that is to say I have no reason to think otherwise," he added, getting in words, at all events, hopelessly between his own legs. "It is not that. But pray, Miss Casteen, pray remember I am an unwilling and perfectly innocent agent in this matter. I—I——"

Lydia put out her hand. Her lips were very white, but she tried to smile.

"May I have it?" she asked. "Perhaps I had better read it to myself. Of course, I quite understand that you have nothing to do with it, Mr. Denison—nothing in the world. And if papa is well nothing else can matter—at least, not very much."

Mr. Denison gave up the letter with a sort of groan.

As Lydia took it, Hammond turned to Mrs. Denison.

"Now," he said, "now let us go back to Lady Louisa and the Duchess again. We left off at the most dramatic moment of the encounter.

"That stuffy old beast"—I grieve to say it was in these irreverent terms that Hammond characterised one of the greatest living authorities in questions of Church History—"that stuffy old beast has done something utterly monstrous," he thought. "At least this good lady's attention must be engaged. Poor Miss Casteen must read her sentence of death in peace."

Mrs. Denison jumped willingly enough into the little trap thus laid for her. And her husband retired bodily behind the *Times* again; his angelic fourth wrung with compassion for Miss Casteen, his remaining three-fourths thirsting to carry out

reforms in the matter of parental rights and privileges, with really bloodthirsty vigour and completeness.

And so poor Lydia, hurried down at a moment's notice from those inspiring heights of emotion upon which it had been her good fortune to stand so recently, read the young clergyman's letter through. Read it, folded it together, and clasped her hands over it as it rested upon her lap. The carriage moved on slowly up the steepening ascent. The Lüttschine roared hoarse in its rocky bed below. Presently, at a turn of the road, a malformed, distorted *crétin* made day hideous with chaotic bellowing through an alpenhorn. Flaxen-haired, sunburnt, old-visaged children, in wofully long skirts, besieged the passer-by with entreaties to invest in bunches of *edelweiss*, ugly little carvings, doubtfully clean home-made lace. A stream of returning carriages rattled down the long hill, the drivers throwing each other a guttural-toned salutation in passing. Mr. Denison wriggled and crumpled his newspaper. Mrs. Denison chattered. Hammond nodded, listened, dropped an appropriate comment from time to time. And Lydia Casteen passed through the fire of an almost insupportable bitterness, such as women of a delicate and sensitive moral constitution are fated too often to pass through, in this, perhaps, after all—one hopes so, anyhow, at times—not best of all possible worlds.

—“And the Duchess, you know, has really been more than civil to her ever since,” Mrs. Denison said, finishing up her recital.—“My dear, sweet Lydia, nothing unpleasant, no bad news, I hope and trust?”

Miss Casteen turned to her. She was still sadly white about the lips; but her tone was calm.

“Oh, no!” she said, “not bad news. Indeed I think I ought to consider it good news. I made a mistake last night when I told you that I was not indispensable to the success of my father's work, Mr. Hammond. It appears that I am indispensable. That surely is a great compliment.”

Mr. Denison banged his paper together, in a species of fury. His angel had turned into an avenging one.

“I need not give you back this, need I?” she went on, looking across at him. “It was a mistake that you should be written to at all. It would have been simpler to write direct to me. But my father lives such a retired and concentrated life that he does sometimes make these little mistakes in common practical matters.”

Here Lydia glanced at Hammond and Mrs. Denison with a very disarming little air of apology and deprecation.

"He is becoming an old man, and he is very much engrossed in his work, you see. All his energy goes into that; and he forgets, now and then, how a thing may strike others. One can easily understand it, I think. But you must not have the trouble of answering this letter, Mr. Denison. I should prefer writing myself. Perhaps I could send a post-card from Lauterbrunnen—couldn't I?—in case we should be late in getting back to-night. I would rather not lose a post——"

She paused, and then went on hurriedly, laying her hand upon Mrs. Denison's:—

"I am so sorry. I am afraid it may be inconvenient to you, and you have been so good to me. I should be very much distressed at doing anything that was tiresome; but I think I ought not to start for home later than to-morrow. You see——"

"That's it, is it? The old devil!" Hammond said, under his breath.

Fortunately Mrs. Denison's outcry, whether as entirely genuine in feeling or not, was long and loud enough effectually to drown this impious remark.

"Oh! but it's impossible, my sweetest Lydia, quite impossible. Dear Dr. Casteen is unreasonable, you know; just a little wee bit unreasonable. I must write to him and remonstrate, and the Grand Lama will remonstrate too. The poor dear Grand Lama must not be left desolate at a moment's notice in this sort of way. What will he do without you, you know? His walks—think of the Grand Lama's walks!"

Mrs. Denison became girlish, and shook her head at Miss Casteen.

"Oh, no, no, we really can't allow it!" she said. "We must all point out to Dr. Casteen that he is exacting. Yes, my sweet Lydia, really you know, though he is so clever, and historical, and all that sort of thing, just a little tiny bit exacting. And we can't let him be that."

She patted the younger lady's hand affectionately.

"No, no; we will certainly all remonstrate. We really can't encourage him in that, you know."

"But, please, I must go," Lydia answered.

She had tried to speak before, but the flow of her friend's playful eloquence had rendered it impossible. Lydia had some difficulty in retaining her self-control. The corners of her mouth worked nervously and her smile was slightly forced.

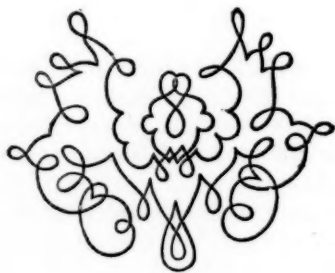
"You see my father wants me. I gather that the printers

have made some dreadful mistakes. He is finishing the section upon the Donatists, and the references are most important. I know just where to turn to in Optatus and St. Augustine. Mr. Morgan means well, but he is a little too anxious. He gets flurried. And it worries my father, and throws back his work. I cannot be happy away from him, in that case. You see, don't you," she added, appealing to Mr. Denison, "that it is only right I should go?"

"Emily, Miss Casteen must do precisely what she thinks best," said the gentleman addressed, with most unwonted directness and decision.

Just then the big *berline* turned down the almost perpendicular hill, at the foot of which stands the *Hôtel Staubbach* of Lauterbrunnen; and, a few minutes later, drew up in front of that primitive, but delectable, hostelry, in the midst of a mob of tourists, porters, guides, drivers, and vehicles of every possible and impossible description.

*(To be continued.)*





## Our Library List.

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PAPERS; LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, ETC. By the late FLEEMING JENKIN. With a MEMOIR by R. L. STEVENSON. (2 vols. 32s. *Longmans*.) The variety of these papers, which include a play in three acts, and treat amongst other subjects of Darwin, Mrs. Siddons, Trades Unions, Applied Science and Greek Dress, and the forcible originality they show, are an indication of the author's richness of nature as well as scope. Mr. Stevenson, in his beautiful Memoir of him, completes the picture, and he succeeds in giving as interesting a record of a life and surroundings as he gives a vivid impression of a strong personality. Mr. Jenkin's youth was one of somewhat exceptional vicissitudes, spent for the most part abroad under the influence of his mother—a fiery “drawing-room queen,” buzzed about by Italian patriots—till he had to make his own way as an engineer. In this profession, which “in its struggle against brute force and with inert allies, he felt to be truly poetic,” he soon won distinction, and after his appointment to the Chair of Engineering in the University of Edinburgh, his ever-active mind employed itself on an extraordinary number of subjects. It was there that his “gallant vitality” and his high view of life made the ineffaceable impression we gain from these Memoirs. His own letters on his Telegraph voyage will “fail to interest none who love adventure and activity.”

THE LIFE OF BISHOP COLENSO. By SIR G. W. COX. (2 vols. 36s. *Ridgway*.) Though we may demur to Sir G. Cox's statement that “the life of Bishop Colenso has been and will be more momentous in its issues than perhaps any other life in the century,” it was no doubt well worthy of a permanent record. Unfortunately the present volumes, while they will probably keep others from the field, cannot be regarded as in any respect satisfactory. The story of the Bishop's life, both in his disputes regarding the verbal accuracy of the Pentateuch and in his chivalrous championship of the South African natives, lies overwhelmed beneath a formless mass of detail; the tone of acrid controversy which pervades the whole book distracts attention from the single-minded honesty which was Colenso's most lovable characteristic. The reader, as he wades through the reams of ecclesiastical correspondence, feels inclined to exclaim with Pascal: “*Ce sont des querelles de théologiens et non pas de la théologie.*”

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM ROGERS. (1 vol. 6s. *Kegan Paul*.) The genial rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, has followed the current fashion in publishing his recollections, but has wisely restricted himself to one moderate-sized volume. The stock of personal anecdote is supplemented and strengthened by a good deal of solid information concerning the education movement during the last forty years, wherein Mr. Rogers has played a prominent and honourable part. The tale of his largely successful efforts both at St. Thomas, Charterhouse, and at Bishopsgate is told with hearty and bracing enthusiasm. The tone throughout is that of the typical true-born Englishman who overcomes difficulties by sheer force of refusal to recognise them. The "good stories" liberally scattered through the volume have always a plain point, and are, with one marked exception, good-natured.

IRELAND. By EARL GREY. (1 vol. 3s. 6d. *Murray*.) In this little volume the veteran statesman briefly reviews "the Irish question" during the present century, and propounds a new solution of its difficulties. As readers of newspapers might have expected, his Lordship finds much more to blame than to praise in the efforts which have hitherto been made, holding that part of the revenues of the Irish Church should have been devoted to the endowment of the Roman Catholics, and that the Land Acts of 1870 and 1881 were steps in a totally wrong direction. His own plan would be, after changing the method of conducting private legislation, to disfranchise Ireland for ten years. The distressful country would thus, he thinks, cease to be the battle-ground of English parties, and Irishmen would gradually forget the grievances which they would be forbidden to express.

THE PYTCHLEY HUNT, PAST AND PRESENT. By the late H. O. NETHERCOTE. (1 vol. 8s. 6d. *Sampson Low*.) Written by a hunting man for hunting men, this volume contains a good deal which the general reader may gallop through in "sharp bursts." But he must always be ready for a check—more welcome than those of the chase—for the author has a knack of introducing capital anecdotes, amusing reminiscences, clever and humorous disquisitions at the most unexpected turns. Witness the pages on "Scent," pitched into the chapter on Lord Spencer's Mastership. Moreover, men like Mr. George Payne, Major Whyte-Melville, and many other Pytchley magnates whom their friend the author sketches with a kindly but discriminating hand, bear names familiar far beyond the limits of the famous grass country, and all that is said about them is interesting. Nor must we pass over the few characteristic letters from Sir Francis Head. Mr. Nethercote was not a literary man, and the valuable record he has compiled suffers occasionally from abrupt transitions and lack of management; but he was an enthusiastic member of the P.H., who knew what he was talking about and could tell a good story (not

always original) well. He evidently enjoyed writing this book, and we fancy most readers will contrive to share his pleasure.

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**SOCIETY IN ROME UNDER THE CÆSARS.** By RALPH INGE. (1 vol. 6s. *Murray*.) "The Romans," said Dr. Johnson, "were a people who, while they were poor, robbed mankind, and as soon as they became rich, robbed one another," but they were admitted by the same authority to be the fountain of elegance as the Greeks were of knowledge. In truth there are but few educated persons who in the course of their travels or studies, have not had their attention arrested and their imagination stirred by the remnants and traces of a luxury which has never been surpassed: who have not desired to fill the Baths of Caracalla, or the Villas of Baïæ and Pompeii, with the men and women who reared and adorned them. Mr. Inge has read widely, and has omitted nothing which could serve to complete his sketch of Roman Society, when that Society was at its zenith. The result is a work of great value and interest to the student, and one that will afford the general reader an attractive account of an attractive subject.

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**HIS COUSIN BETTY.** By F. M. PEARD. (3 vols. *Bentley*.) From the very first chapter of this delightful story, it is obvious that Betty's dislike for John Leyburn will turn to love. But the knowledge in no wise diminishes the reader's interest; for if ever it be true that "when a man's married his troubles begin," the Leyburns were a case in point. John's sister, the selfish Mrs. Hume, sees her own advantage in forwarding the match, and represents to her brother that he has gone too far to recede, and that Betty expects him to propose. He drifts half-heartedly into marriage, and we think that his action at this stage is hardly consistent with the strength of will attributed to him. He soon begins to repent, while his wife continues deeply in love. Cross-purposes and misunderstandings follow, and a period of estrangement, throughout which the character of Betty, with all her faults and virtues, is admirably sustained. The central figures are surrounded by a group of sufficiently entertaining friends and kindred. The book has plenty of movement, but the author's strength does not lie in tragic incident. We gratefully acknowledge the accuracy and freshness with which she has drawn the Devonshire moors, coloured to the life.

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**THE SECOND SON.** By MRS. OLIPHANT. (3 vols. *Macmillan*.) This is an admirable example of Mrs. Oliphant's strength as a novelist. She has no need to resort to sensationalism to make her story thoroughly absorbing. Her characters are neither striking nor strange, but they are drawn with so much skill that their very commonplaceness gives them an interest and pathos of their own, in everyday occurrences as well as in contact with the deeper realities of life. Nothing could be truer in conception as well as in detail than

the picture of the monotonous existence of the Squire, with his three sons and his badly brought up little daughter. The story turns on the honest if unwise love of the eldest son for Lily, a gamekeeper's lovely daughter, which causes his father to disinherit him. The second son who, with a sober-minded heiress, represents quiet good feeling throughout the book, refuses to profit by his brother's disgrace, and the Squire in his fury leaves everything to his worthless youngest son, who is at the very moment luring Lily to London on the pretence of marriage. The meeting of the brothers after her disappearance, the fatal result, the state of mind of the old Squire when he loses his eldest son and discovers the conduct of his heir, are described with as much power as knowledge of life and character.

RICHARD CABLE. By the Author of 'MEHALAH.' (3 vols. *Smith & Elder.*) There are vivid descriptions of sea and land, a vigorous moral atmosphere, and plenty of variety throughout the book. But the improbability of the story is not redeemed by the dramatic and original characters, or the strong local colour which we expect from the Author of 'Mehalah.' An excellent sailor, happy in his work and the possession of seven daughters, has his life temporarily wrecked by a brilliant but wayward young lady who, unhappy at home, rushes into marriage with him. She loses no time in insulting him for glaring faults which had escaped her notice when, cast adrift on his lightship, she was impressed by his merits, and indeed he is made to develop a Weller pronunciation he was guiltless of in the first volume. Embittered by her conduct and an accident which it indirectly causes to his youngest child, he leaves her, as he hopes, for ever, and doggedly sets himself to build up his own fortunes. It is not very clear what causes her to suddenly become as softened and penitent as he is obdurate. She climbs down the social ladder, goes into service, and humbly earns her living at his gate, till the elapse of years brings matters to a climax.

